INITIUM SAPIENTIAE TIMOR DOMINI

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# Flosculi Graeci Boreales.

Series Nova.

ABERDONIAE:

EXCUDEBANT TYPOGRAPHI ACADEMICI.


INITIVM DOMINI
SAPIENTIÆ TIMOR
D·S
1907

# Flosculi Graeci Boreales,

sive

# Anthologia Graeca Aberdonensis.

Series Nova.

Decerpsit
Joannes Harrower.



Aberdoniae:
Apud Typographos Academicos.
MCMVII.

## LECTORI BENEVOLO S.P.D.

IAM anni amplius viginti sunt ex quo Anthologia illa cui Flosculi Graeci Boreales nomen inditum est in lucem prodiit: quorum novam emittere seriem iis saepenumero in animo erat qui deinceps sub Academiae nostrae umbra Graecis litteris incubuerunt, quo apertius significaretur nondum ardorem illum ingenii Aberdonensem deferbuisse, neque Devae Donaeque nemora omnino deseruisse Musas.

Namque hercule nunquam deerant inter nostros, etiam tum in incude studiorum positos, qui Graecis capti Camenis, veterumque poetarum spiritu aliquantulum instincti, priorum vestigiis ingrederentur; nobis autem, ut ille flosculos e Musarum hortulis decerpendi iucundissimus fuisset labor, ita inter cotidianas iuventutis erudiendae curas parum suppetebat otii, resque in aliud usque tempus differebatur.

At cum in eo esset Academia nostra ut natalicias quarti saeculi sui celebraret ferias, abiecta tandem cunctatione visum est qualemcunque hanc versuum contexere corollam, frontique Almae nostrae Matris, liberalium nutrici studiorum, cum amore gratisque animis praeponere.

Gratias agere velimus Ludovico Morris, Andreae Lang, Henrico Newbolt, Algernoni C. Swinburne, qui pro sua singulari comitate locos quosdam e libris suis delectos potestatem nobis fecerint hoc in opusculo publicandi: nec non Duglassio Strachan, viro amicissimo, qui Musae figuram primore in libro arte exquisita depinxerit.

Porro quod nobis permiserunt ut ex operibus poetarum nostratium quibus usus esset excerperemus: Macmillan et Sociis, carminum Alfredi Baronis Tennyson, Matthaei Arnold, Eduardi FitzGerald; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner et Sociis, Eduardi Arnold; Longmans, Green, et Sociis, Roberti L. Stevenson; Joanni Lane, Ricardi Le Gallienne; Gulielmo Blackwood et Filiis, Georgii Eliot, curatoribus maximae nobis gratiae reddendae sunt.

## ELENCHUS CARMINUM.

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## SIGLA EORUM QUI FLORES AD HANC COROLLAM CONTULERUNT.

# FLOSCULI GRAECI BOREALES

## SERIES NOVA

*δίκαιον οὖν ἡμᾶς μὴ τῶν πατέρων χείρους φαίνεσθαι.*

THUCYD. II. 11.

## ΤΩι ΕΝ ΑΒΕΡΔΟΝΙΑι ΠΑΝΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΙΩι ΕΚΑΤΟΝΤΑΕΤΗΡΙΔΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΗΣ ΕΟΡΤΗΝ ΑΓΟΝΤΙ.

*Ὦ μῆτερ σοφίης, Δώνῃ πάρα πορφυροδίνῃ
ἣ τεὸν οἶκον ἔχεις, καλὸν ἐϋκτίμενον,
νύκτα διὰ δνοφερὴν ποτ' ἐφάνθης, ἠπιόδωρε,
ἀσπάσιον προγόνοις ἡμετέροισι φόως,
οἵτε Καληδονίην κραναὴν τότε ναιετάασκον,
ἄγριοι, οὔτε θεῶν ἴδριες οὔτε νόμων,
οὔτ' ἄρα Παιᾶνος ἔργων πολυφαρμάκου ἐσθλῶν
ἀλλ' ὀλέκοντο νόσοις ἄμμοροι ὄντες ἀκῶν·
οὐδέ γ' Ὀλυμπιάδων Μουσάων δῶρ' ἐρατεινὰ
ᾔδεσαν οὐδὲ χοροὺς μειλιχίων Χαρίτων.
πάντα δ' ἀνήμερα, πάντ' ἔριδος μέστ' ἦν ἀλεγεινῆς
τρύχετο δ' ἀνθρώπων ἐν κακότητι βίος.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῖς δειλοῖσι πόνων εὐώπιδ' ἀρωγὴν
εὗρες, ἐπιστήμης λαμπάδ' ἔχουσ' ἱερήν.
τέσσαρας εἰς δ' ἐτέων τελέας ἑκατοντάδας ἄνθος
σοὶ θαλέθει δόξης αἰὲν ἀεξόμενον.
τοιγὰρ δεῦρο μολόντες ἀολλέες ἠγερέθονται
ἤματι τῷδ' ἀστοὶ παντοδαπῶν πόλεων
εἵνεκα σῆς τιμῆς ἐρικυδέα δῶρα φέροντες
εἰς τερπνὰς θαλίας, εὐφροσύνην τε φίλην.
πῶς ἄρα τέκνα σέθεν θρεπτήρια τίσομεν ἶσα;
πῶς ἀγανοφροσύνης ἄξι' ἀμειψόμεθα;
οὐχ ἡμῖν τρίποδες περικαλλέες οὐδὲ λέβητες
ἀργύρεοι, φωτῶν ἐσθλὰ τροφεῖ' ἀφνεῶν.
ἡμέτεραι χρυσοῦ κενεαὶ χέρες, οὐδ' ἂν ἔχοιμεν,
Γλαῦκος ὅπως, τίνειν κρείσσονα τῆς δόσεως.
ἀλλὰ δέχου τόδ' ἄγαλμ', ἀνθέων χλοερῶν στεφάνωμα,
λειμώνεσσι τεοῖς σύντροφον ἀγρονόμοις·
οὖλέ τε καὶ μέγα χαῖρ', ἡμῖν δ' ἐπιτάρροθος ἴσθι,
κουροτρόφος τ' ἀγαθὴ τοῖς ἐπιγιγνομένοις.*

J. H.

## IN MEMORIAM GUL. D. GEDDES.

Οἵ μεγάλοι τε σοφοί τε φάος λείπουσ' ἐρατεινὸν
  τὰς δὲ σιωπηλὰς Ἄιδου ἔχουσιν ὁδούς,
ἀλλ' οὔ πως ἀρεταὶ ζάθεαι στυγεροῦ θανάτοιο
  ἀμφικαλύπτονται κυανέοις νέφεσιν,
ἀσφαλέως δὲ βροτοῖσι μένουσ' ἔτι καὶ μενέουσιν
  τοῖσιν ἐπιχθονίοις τηλόθι λαμπόμεναι,
οὐδέ, φίλη κεφαλή, σοὶ ἐνὶ φθιμένοις περ ἐόντι
  κοιμηθέντι θ' ὕπνον πᾶσιν ὀφειλόμενον,
οὐχ ἁλίως ἔρρουσι λόγοι τεοί, οὐδὲ μάταια
  ἔργματα σ' εἰς ταχινὴν ληθεδόνα φθινύθει.
ἦ ῥα σύ τοι φιλόμουσος ἀνὴρ Μούσαις τ' ἀγαπητὸς
  καὶ Χάρισιν σεμναῖς εὖ μάλ' ἔησθα φίλος.
οἵ γὰρ ἀοιδοπόλοι, κλέος ἄφθιτον Ἑλλάδος ἱρῆς,
  οἵ δὲ καὶ ἁψάμενοι τῶν κορυφῶν σοφίης,
εἰ δέ τις ἀγλαὰ ἔργα ἑῇ ἐγκάτθετο τέχνῃ,
  ἐκ Μουσέων ἀρύσας πίδακος ἁγνορύτου,
κεδνότατοι πάντων σοὶ κήδιστοί τ' ἐνί θυμῷ
  τῶν μερόπων ὁπόσους ἠέλιός ποτ' ἴδεν.
ἦ πού τις Χαρίτων ἔκπαγλον ἔδαιεν ἀοιδῶν
  ἵμερον ἡδίστων σαῖς πραπίδεσσιν ἔνι.
τῷ σοὶ Μαιονίδης μελίγηρυς φίλτατος ἦεν,
  μουσοπόλων πάντων πρεσβύτατος σοφίῃ.
χρύσειός τε Πλάτων, ἐτεὸς Μουσέων ὑποφήτης,
  ἄκρα μεριμνήσας ἐν φρεσὶ πευκαλίμαις.
δρεψάμενος δὲ λόγων ἐνθέων κάλλιστον ἄωτον
  ἑρμηνεὺς πινυτῆς τοῖς ἑτάροις ἐγένου·
δεινὸν ὁμιληταῖσι δ' ἐνεστάζεσκες ἔρωτα
  ἡδυθρόων Μουσέων σαῖς ὑποθημοσύναις.
ἤρνυσο καὶ κλεινῆς σοφίης στεφάνωμ' ἀγέρωχον
  εὔκλειάν τ' ἀγαθὴν ἣν χρόνος οὐ μαρανεῖ.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ θανὼν ἔθανες, ζώεις δ' ἔτι, λαμπρὸς
  πυρσὸς ὅπως στίλβων τοῖς ἐπιγιγνομένοις.

J. H.

## I.

## ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men

# I.

## ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Ὡς οὐδὲν ὄφελος, ἢν ἄναξ ἀργός τις ὢν
παρ' ἑστίᾳ τῇδ' ἔνδον αἰχμάζω, πέτρας
ναίων ἀκάρπους τάσδ', ὅπου ζευχθεὶς λέχει
γραίας γυναικός, οὐκ ἴσους θεσμοὺς νέμω
βροτοῖς ἀγροίκοις, οἳ μάτην φαῦλον βίον
ἔσθουσι συλλέγοντες, εὕδουσίν θ' ὕπνῳ,
οὐδ' οἷός εἰμ' ἴσασιν. ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πλανῶν
οὔπω πάρεστι παῦλα. τοιγὰρ ἐς τρύγα
τόλμης χαρὰν οἰνοῦσσαν ἐκπιεῖν θέλω.
ὥρας δ' ἁπάσης τέρψιν εἴληφα σφοδράν,
σφοδράν τε λύπην, σύν θ' ἑταίροισιν φίλοις
μόνος τε, νῦν μὲν χέρσον ἐκπερῶν χθόνα,
νῦν δ' ἐν κλύδωσι νηλεῶν ὑφ' Ὑάδων
ζέσασι, τυφῶ ξὺν ζάλαις τ' ὀμβροκτύποις.
πλανώμενος γὰρ αἰὲν οἰστρώσῃ φρενὶ
κλεινὸς πέφυκα· πόλλ' ἰδὼν ἐπίσταμαι

And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

TENNYSON.

ἄστη βροτῶν τρόπους τε τάς θ' ὁμηγύρεις
ἀρχάς τε βουλάς τ' εἰσιὼν βουληφόρων
στρατηγὸς ὥσπερ, οὐδ' ἔνειμέ μοι λόγον
σμικρόν ποτ' οὐδείς, ἀλλὰ σὺν τιμωμένοις
ἔντιμος ἔστην, καὶ δορυσσόου κλόνου
χαρᾶς μετέσχον ξὺν φίλων ὁμηγύρει
πύργοις ἐριγδούποισιν Ἰλίου πάρα.
οὐδ' ἦν θεωρὸς ἐν βίου τραγῳδίᾳ,
ἐμοὶ δ' ἅπαν δῆθ', ὥσπερ Ἴριδος κύκλος,
δοκεῖ πελάζειν, εἶτ' ἀποπτάσθαι πρόσω,
πετεινὸν αἰὲν εὖτ' ἂν ἐκτείνω χέρα.
ὡς φαῦλός ἐστ' οὖν ὃς βίον τρίβει μάτην,
ἐῶν ἀμαυρὰν ἀργίαν τρώγειν φρένας,
ὡς δῆτ' ἂν εἰ τὸ ζῆν τόδ' ἦν τὸ πνεῖν μόνον.
αἰὼν γὰρ εἰς αἰῶνα συγκεχωσμένος
σμικρὸν μέν, οὐδὲ τοὖδ' ἐμοὶ μέτρον μακρόν,
σώσω δ' ὅμως τὸ λοιπὸν εἰς χρείαν τινά,
ἁρπάζεταί τε πᾶσ' ἀπ' αἰανοῦς ὕπνου
ὥρα, νεογνὸν αἰὲν ὠδίνουσά τι.
ἦ μὴν πονηρὸς ἦν ἄν, εἰ δύ' ἡλίου
κύκλους ἐμὸν σώζοιμι φειδωλὸς βίον
ψυχὴν πεδηθείς, ἥτις ὥσπερ ἀστέρας
Μούσας διώξει καίπερ Ἄτλαντος πέραν,
ὅποι δέδυκεν Ἥλιος καὶ νοῦ σέλας.

G.

## II.

## SONG.

Gloomy winter's noo awa,
Saft the wastlin' breezes blaw :
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.

Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Bloomin' like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Hovering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.

## II.

### ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἤδη χείματος ὥρα ἀποίχεται ἀερόεντος,
καὶ μαλακῷ Ζεφύρῳ τοῖς πνεύμασι θέλγεται αἶα·
κὴν κοτίνων σκιεραῖς ὀροδαμνίσι ταίδε κιχῆλαι
γαθοσύναν ἀχεῦσιν ἀοιδὰν τὼς ἀνὰ δρυμώς.
ἁδὺ κορύμβοισιν δὲ γελᾶντι τῶ αἰγιπύροιο
εἰαρινοῖς λειμῶνες ἀν' ἄγκεα τὰ δροσόεντα.
ἁδὺ μὲν αἰγίπυρος θαλέθει καλός, ἁδὺ δὲ καὶ τύ,
ἱμερόεσσα κόρα, δώρων ἔτι νῆις ἔρωτος.
δεῦρ' ἕρπωμες ὁδὸν κλιτὺν ἀνὰ τάνδ', ἐρόεσσα,
ἃν θάλπει φαέθων τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν ἅλιος αὐγαῖς,
καὶ φρένας εὐφροσύνᾳ ταρπώμεθα καὶ φιλότητι
ἆμαρ ἅπαν χρυσοῦν, ἐπεὶ οὐ κόρος ἐστὶν ἔρωτος.
ἠνίδ' ὑπὲρ δένδρων νεφέλαις ἔνι τοὶ κορυδαλλοὶ
λευκοτέραις χιόνος δινεῦνται ταῖς πτερύγεσσιν·
ἀργύφεαι δὲ βρύοις λαχνώδεσι πάντοθεν ἄγνοι
δαψιλέως κοσμεῦντι ῥόδοις ἐπιειμένας ὄχθας.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feathery braikens fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

TANNAHILL.

ἐν δὲ νάπαισιν ὅθι Νύμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζονται
ἠΰκομοι πτερίδες στυφελὰς πέτρας ἀμφὶ φύοντι.
νέρθε γεωλόφω ὧδε κατείβεται ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ,
φαιδρὰ δὲ πάντα γελᾷ καὶ χαίρει ἐπ' εἴαρος ὥρᾳ.
δένδρεα μὲν θαλέθει, καλὰ δ' ὄρνιχες λαλαγεῦντι,
καὶ ποίαν χλοερὰν πέδον ἄφθονον ἐξανίητι,
τηλεθάει δ' ἁμῖν ἴα καὶ ῥόδα τὰ δροσόεντα
ἀλλὰ τί μοὶ τῶν ἆδος ἄτερθε τεοῦς, γλυκύμαλον;

J. H.

## III.

### CICERO, CRASSUS, CATO, CÆSAR.

CIC. I know well in what terms I do receive
The commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
That good men fear not, wicked men expect not.
I know, besides, some turbulent practices
Already on foot, and rumours of more dangers—

CRASS. Or you will make them, if there be none.

CIC. Last,
I know 'twas this, which made the envy and pride
Of the great Roman blood bate, and give way
To my election.

CATO. Marcus Tullius, true;
Our need made thee our consul, and thy virtue.

CÆS. Cato, you will undo him with your praise.

## III.

ΚΙΚΕΡΩΝ, ΚΡΑΣΣΟΣ, ΚΑΤΩΝ, ΚΑΙΣΑΡ.

ΚΙΚ. Ἄνδρες, τὰ μὲν δὴ πόλεος, ὡς ἀτωμένη
οἵᾳ νόσῳ ξύνεστιν, εἰς ἀρχὰς μολὼν
ἔξοιδ'· ἃ γάρ τοι δυστυχεῖ παλιγκότως
πρός τ' οὖν τὸ πῖπτον, οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὁποῖον οὐ
κακὸς μὲν ἐλπίζει τις, ἔνδικος δ' ὀκνεῖ·
τοῦτ' αὖθις, οὕνεχ' οἱ μὲν ἔργοισι στάσιν
πράσσουσιν ἤδη, τοῖς δ' ἐπαίρεται λόγῳ.

ΚΡ. ἄλλους δ' ὑφήσεις αὐτός, ἢν μηδεὶς φανῇ.

ΚΙΚ. ἀνθ' ὧν ἐμοὶ δὴ πράγματ' εἰσεχείρισαν,
σφριγῶντα θυμοῦ τλάντες ἰσχνᾶναι φθόνον,
οἱ παντόσεμνοι.

ΚΑΤ. πῶς γὰρ οὐκ, ὦναξ, ἐπεὶ
χρείᾳ μὲν ἡμῶν, σαῖσι δ' ἀρεταῖσιν κρατεῖς;

ΚΑΙ. ἁπλῶς ὀλεῖς νιν εὐλογῶν καιροῦ πέρα.

CATO. Cæsar will hurt himself with his own envy.
PEOPLE. The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.
CATO. The voice of Rome is the consent of Heaven!
And that hath placed thee, Cicero, at the helm,
Where thou must render now thyself a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails,
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weather;
Where her springs are, her leaks; and how to stop 'em;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven; then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.
CIC. Which I'll perform with all the diligence
And fortitude I have; not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it: if it must,
Your will, loved Gods. This heart shall yet employ
A day, an hour is left me, so for Rome,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,

ΚΑΤ. αὐτὸς δ' ἂν αὑτὸν Καῖσαρ, ὡς φθονεῖ, δάκοι.
ΧΟ. καὶ μὴν Κάτωνι πᾶσ' ὁμορροθεῖ πόλις.
ΚΑΤ. θεὸς δ' ἐπῄνεσ' ἂν ὁμορροθῇ πόλις·
ἀλλ' ἥδε γὰρ δὴ φύλακά σ' οἰάκων καλεῖ,
ἴθ', ὦ βροτῶν ἄριστε, πάντ' ἀνὴρ γενοῦ,
τέχνης δ' ἄκρος· χρεὼν γάρ. εὑδούσης ἁλὸς
τίς κἂν ὁ μηδεὶς οὐκ ἂν ἰθύνοι δόρυ;
ὅστις δὲ νωμᾶν ἀξιοῖ, σοφὸς γεγώς,
κέλσαι τ' ἀπήμων τέρματ', εὖ τοῦτον χρεὼν
ῥοάς, διαύλους ἐξεπίστασθαι σάλου·
χαλᾶν δὲ λαῖφος ἡνίκ' ἐντείνειν τ' ἀκμή,
χειμῶνος εἴτ' ἔκυρσε νηνέμου πλάτης·
πλοῖον δ', ἐάν που μὴ στέγῃ, κατειδέναι,
τί δ' ἄντλον εἴργοι δρῶν ἄν· ὅσα δ' ἐπὶ φθορᾷ
ξυνώμοσ' ἐχθροῦ βραχέα, χοιράδες, πέτραι,
ῥώμην δὲ πάντα πνεύμαθ', ἥν τ' ἔχει φύσιν,
σκηπτοί, ζάλαι, τυφῶνες· ἐν τοιῷδε γάρ,
ᾅδου βαθεῖαν ἄλοχ' ὅταν ῥήξῃ τρόπις,
ἔπειτα, λάκτισμ' οὐρανοῦ, ῥιφθῇ σκάφος,
καιρὸς κυβερνᾶν, ὥστ' ἐτητύμως κλύειν.
ΚΙΚ. οὐ δῆτ' ἐν ἀργοῖς τοῦτό μοι πεπράξεται,
ἀλλ' ἐκ παρούσης, ὡς κατ' ἄνδρ', εὐψυχίας·
καίτοι τόδ' οἴσω τέλος ἐτήσιον μὲν οὔ,
βίον δὲ τὸν πάντ'· ἢν δέ πως μείων ταθεὶς
ἀρχῇ ξυνανύσῃ τῇδ', ἴτω τὸ μόρσιμον,
τὰ γὰρ φίλ' ὑμῖν, ὦ θεῶν, στέρξω, σέβας.
ἦ κάρτα πατρίδος ἀλλὰ τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον
ὑπερκαμοῦμαι κἀπὶ θανασίμῳ ῥοπῇ,
εἴτ' οὖν ἐφέρψει βαιόν, ὥστε τἂν μέσῳ

To shine for ever glorious in my facts:
The vicious count their years, virtuous their
acts.

PEOPLE. Most noble consul! let us wait him home.

BEN JONSON, *Catiline*, III., 1.

τέκνωμ᾽ ἀείζων καὶ νεκροῦ γενήσεται,
τὸ μήποτ᾽ ἔργων ἐξαμαυροῦσθαι δίχα·
φαύλοις ἐτῶν τοι, πραγμάτων δ᾽ ἐσθλοῖς λόγος.
ΧΟ. ὦ λῆμ᾽ ἄριστον· ἀλλὰ πέμπωμέν σφ᾽ ἔσω.

R. A. N.

## IV.

## WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms and find ye silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some great faith our faces never dare.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call,
Day that shows man so great and God so small,
That hides the stars and magnifies the grass;
Oh, is the Darkness too a lying glass?
Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there?
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

R. Le Gallienne.

## IV.

### ΠΟΙΑ Δ' ΑΡ' Η ΝΥΞ;

*Ποία δ' ἄρ' ἡ νύξ; ἦ τι κάλλιστον βλέπειν;
ἐκεῖ γαλῆναι καὶ σιωπηλαὶ πλάκες;
κάλυκα γὰρ οἷα λειρίου κεκλειμένην,
φλέγει τις ὄμμ' ἕκαστον εἰρήνη νέα
ὡς ἐλπίδ' ἡμῖν οὔποτ' ἐλπιστὴν ἔχειν
ὑμῶν ἐχόντων· ἦ τι τῆς νυκτὸς γέρας;
ἦ κόλπος ὃς κάμνουσι κοιμίζει κάρα;
ἦ χεῖλός ἐστι δακρύων θελκτήριον;
ἦ χεὶρ τὸ θρῶσκον ᾗ παρηγορεῖ κέαρ;
ἦ γλῶσσά γ' ἀντίμολπος ἐνστάζουσ' ὕπνον;
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἡμῖν ἡμέρα δηλοῦν ἔχει
ὁποῖον ὑμῖν ἐστίν· ἦ νυκτὸς γέρας;
ψευδοῦς ἀποστραφέντες ἡλίου φάος,
ὃς θεὸν ἀτίζων κῦδος ἀντείνει βροτῶν,
χαμηλὰ τιμῶν ἄστρ' ἀμαυρώσας ἔχει,
ὑμᾶς καλοῦμεν νυκτὸς ἀγγεῖλαι σκότον
ὁποῖός ἐστιν· εἴθ' ὁποῖον ἡμέρα
ψευδὲς κάτοπτρον εἴτ' ἀληθείας λιμήν,
καὶ κάλλος ἀξύμβλητον ἡμέρᾳ μαθεῖν.*

A. W. M.

## V.

### CASSANDRA, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, PRIAM.

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
HECT. Peace, sister, peace!
CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
HECT. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

## V.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ, ΕΚΤΩΡ, ΤΡΩΙΛΟΣ, ΠΑΡΙΣ, ΠΡΙΑΜΟΣ.

ΚΑΣ. Γοᾶσθε, Τρῶες, μυρίοις γὰρ ὄμμασιν
ἀρκῶ παρασχεῖν μαντικὴν πλημμυρίδα.
ΕΚΤ. ἀλλ', ὦ τάλαινα, γλῶσσαν εὔφημον φέρε.
ΚΑΣ. ὦ παρθένοι παῖδές θ', ὅσοις τ' αἰὼν μεσοῖ,
ῥυσοὶ γέροντες καὶ βρέφη βοᾶν μόνον
σθένοντ', ἐμοῖς γόοισι συστενάζετε.
σιγᾶν γὰρ οὐκέτ', ἐκτίνειν δὲ νῦν ἀκμὴ
τῆς μοιροκράντου μικρὸν οἰμωγῆς μέρος.
γοᾶσθε, νῦν γὰρ βλέφαρα χρὴ προγυμνάσαι·
Τροίας γὰρ ἄστυ καλλίπυργον οἴχεται,
Πάρις δ' ἅπαντας ἐκπυροῖ δαλοῦ δίκην.
αἴαι.
Ἑλένην ὁμοῦ γοᾶσθε τὴν πολύστονον.
οὐ τήνδ' ἀφήσετ'; εἰ δὲ μή, Τροία φλέγει.
ΕΚΤ. ἆρ' ἔσθ' ὅπως σύ, Τρωίλου νέον κάρα,
τὰ σέμν' ἀδελφῆς θεσπιῳδούσης κλύων
οὔπω τι πάσχεις δηξικάρδιον πάθος;

So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
No fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

TRO. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

PAR. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels;
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project:
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

οὐ σωφρονίζειν οὐδ' ἐπῶν πειθοῖ πάρα
τὸν σὸν ζέοντα θυμόν; οὐκ ὀκνεῖς φόβῳ
μὴ πτῶμ' ἔχῃς κακόν τι, δρασείων κακά;
ΤΡΩ. οὐ γάρ, κασίγνητ', ἐργμάτων γε τοὔνδικον
ἐκ τῶν προβασῶν χρὴ τεκμαίρεσθαι τυχῶν,
οὐδ', εἴπερ αὕτη μαίνεται, θάρσος φρενῶν
μεθιέναι δεῖ. πῶς γὰρ ἂν λυσσήμασι
νοσοῦσα πλημμελές τι τοιᾷδε σθένοι
ἔριδι προσάπτειν, ᾗ γε προξενεῖ χάριν
ἡμῶν ἕκαστος εὐκλεοῦς δόξης ἄπο;
ἐμοῦ γὰρ οὕνεκ', ἴσθι κοινωνοὺς ἅμα
νείκους ἀδελφοὺς ὄντας ἐξ ἴσης ἐμοί.
ἀλλ', ὦ πάτερ Ζεῦ, μηδὲ μαλθακωτάτοις
ἐνθύμιόν τι λήμασιν πράσσοι ποτὲ
ἡμῶν τις, ὄκνον τοῦ παραστατεῖν φέρων.
ΠΑΡ. ἐπεὶ ματαίαν μωρίαν ὄφλοιμεν ἄν,
ἔργων τ' ἔγωγ', ὑμεῖς τε τῶν βουλευμάτων.
μαρτύρομαι δὲ τοὺς θεούς, ὑμᾶς ἐμοὶ
ὁμορροθοῦντας πρευμενῶς σπεύδοντί περ
σπουδὴν προσάψαι, καὶ φοβημάτων ὁμοῦ
ἀποστερῆσαί μ' ἐχομένων πείρας τόσης.
τί γὰρ ποτ' ἀρκῶ τοῖσδ' ὅπλοις μονόστολος;
πῶς ἂν σθένοιμι τῷ μονοφρούρῳ θράσει
ὁρμὴν ἀλέξειν ὧν ἂν ἥδ' ἅμιλλά μοι
ἐναντίον στήσειεν; ἀλλ' εἴ πώς μ' ἔδει
μόνον κακῶν τῶνδ' ἐξαπαλλάξαι πόδας,
σπουδῇ δ' ἐνώμων ἐξισούμενον κράτος,
οὐκ ἂν Πάρις γε τἄργ' ἀναστρέψαι πάλιν
ἐβούλετ', οὐδ' ἔληγε τῶν διωγμάτων.

PRI. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida,* II., 2.

ΠΡΙ. τί δ' ὡς γλυκείαις ἡδοναῖς ᾠνωμένος
λῃρεῖς; σὺ μὲν γὰρ νέκταρος γέμεις ἔτι,
ἀλλ' ἄνδρες οὗτοι πώματος μελαγχόλου.
πῶς οὖν θράσος τοῖόν γ' ἐπαινέσαι χρεών;

W. B. A.

## VI.

## REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
  And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*
  *And the hunter home from the hill.*

R. L. Stevenson.

## VI.

### ΧΑΙΡΕ.

Ὦ φίλοι ἀλλά με θάψαθ' ὑπαὶ πόλῳ ἀστερόεντι,
  ἔνθα καταχθόνιος κείσομαι εὖτε θάνω.
χαῖρον μὲν ζώων, χαίρων δὲ κατήλυθον Ἅιδην,
  ἄσμενος, οὐδ' ἀέκων, γῆν ἐπιεσσάμενος.

θάψαντες δέ, φίλοι, μὴ πόλλ' ἐπιγράψατε τύμβον,
  μηδ' ἐπίμομφα θεοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐπίγραμμα τόδε·
κεῖμαι ὅπου ποθέεσκον, ὁδῖτα, λελασμένος ἄγρης
  ἀγρευτής· ναύτης κύματα μακρὰ λαθών.

A. W. M.

## VII.

### SONG.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whaur' the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur' the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Will ye gang doun the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.

## VII.

### ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ.

Εἰς τὸ κάταντες τῆνο γεώλοφον ἄρνας ἔλαυνε,
ὦ τὸ καλὸν ποθορεῦσα, φίλον θάλος, ὦ τριπόθατε,
τηνεῖ ὅθι μάλ' ἐπηεταναὶ πεφύασιν ἐρεῖκαι,
ἀέναόν τ' ἀπὸ τῶν σπιλάδων ῥέει ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ.
λῇς μετ' ἐμεῦ, χαρίεσσα, καλὸν παρὰ Θύμβριδος ὕδωρ
ἕρπειν ἔνθα τὸ νᾶμα κατείβεται ἁδὺ καχλάσδον
ἄλσος ὕπο σκιερῶν πλατανίστων; ἠνίδε φαίνει
νυκτὶ Σελαναία λιπαρόχροος ἀγλαὰς αὐγάς.

ΑΜΑΡΥΛΛΙΣ.

ἆ δειλαῖε τὺ βουκόλ', ἀπεχθῆ ἐμὶν τάδε εἶπες.
οὐ μεμάθηκα κακὰ καὶ ἀπάρθενος ἦμεν ἔγωγα,
ἂν λίπ' ἀνὴρ μετὰ λέκτρ', ἐξ ἀοῦς τὴν ἐπὶ νύκτα
μώναν, οὐδέ τις οἶδε τέθναχ' ἅδ' ἢ ζόα ἐστί.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Calf leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad ;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye shall be my dearie.

Isabella Pagan.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ.

ἀμπεχόνας δωσῶ τε καὶ ἄμπυκας οἵας ἔοικε
κἀμφοτέροις ποσὶ τεῦς, γάμου ἄξιον ἕδνον, ἀμύκλας,
ἀγκοίνησι δ' ἐμαῖς ἔνι κλινθεῖσ' ὕπνον ἰαύσεις
καί, χαρίεσσα, μόνα τύ γα Δαφνίδος ἔσσῃ ἐρωτίς.

ΑΜΑΡΥΛΛΙΣ.

αἴ κε τὺ τῆν' ἅ λέγεις ἔπη ἔμπεδα πάντα φυλάξῃς,
ἦ τοὶ ὁμαρτήσω, τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένε βοῦτα,
ἄμμε δὲ κῆν τὺ θέλῃς κρύψει μία χλαῖνα φιλεῦντας,
καὶ γὰρ δὴ μάλα τεῦς γα λιλαίομαι ἦμεν ἐρωτίς.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ.

ἇς ἔθ' ὕδωρ πόντονδε κατειβόμενον κελαρύζει,
λάμπει δ' ἀέλιος φαεσίμβροτος οὐρανὸν αἰπύν,
ἔστε κ' ἐμὲ κρυερὸς θάνατος σκότῳ ὄσσε καλύψῃ,
ὦ χαρίεσσα, μόνα τύ γα Δαφνίδος ἔσσῃ ἐρωτίς.

J. H.

## VIII.

### TIBERIUS, SEJANUS.

TIB. Is yet Sejanus come?
SEJ. He's here, dread Cæsar.
TIB. Let all depart that chamber, and the next.
Sit down, my comfort. When the master prince
Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears,
Is it not fatal?
SEJ. Yes, to those are fear'd.
TIB. And not to him?
SEJ. Not if he wisely turn
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.
TIB. That nature, blood, and laws of kind forbid.
SEJ. Do policy and state forbid it?
TIB. No.
SEJ. The rest of poor respects, then, let go by;
State is enough to make the act just, them guilty.

## VIII.

### ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟΣ, ΣΗΙΑΝΟΣ.

Τ. Σηανὸς ἥκει δεῦρο, πρόσπολοι, παρών;
Σ. ὅδ' εἰμ' ἐγώ σοι, Καίσαρος σεμνὸν κάρα.
Τ. ἀπέλθεθ' ὑμεῖς τῆσδε τῆς τ' ἐγγὺς στέγης.
σὺ δ' ἂν καθίζοις, ὦ κακῶν ἰατρέ μοι·
εἰ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντα δεσπότης νέμω,
ὅμως δ' ἔχει μ', ἐρῶ γὰρ ἄντικρυς, φόβος,
εἶτ' οὐκ ἀνάγκη καὶ θανεῖν;
Σ. ὅς γ' ἂν φοβῇ.
Τ. τόνδ' ἄνδρα δ' οὐ φῄς;
Σ. οὔκ, ἐπισκήψαντά γ' εὖ
πρότερον ἐκείνοις τοὐπί σοι πότμου μέρος.
Τ. φύσις γὰρ εἴργει χαῖμα χοἰ γένους νόμοι.
Σ. ἦ καὶ τὸ κοινὸν καὶ τὸ συμφέρον πόλει;
Τ. οὐ ταῦτά γ' οὐδέν.
Σ. τἄλλα μὴ 'ντραπῇς ἄρα
τὰ φλαῦρ', ἐπεὶ τὸ κοινὸν ἐξαρκοῦν κυρεῖ
τὸ σὸν μὲν ὀρθόν, τοὺς δ' ἐπαιτίους ποιεῖν.

TIB. Long hate pursues such acts.
SEJ. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sovereignty.
TIB. Are rites
Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down,
Forgotten and made vain?
SEJ. All for a crown.
The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
Shall never dare do anything, but fear;
All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:
Whole empires fall, swayed by these nice respects;
It is the licence of dark deeds protects
Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.
TIB. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.
SEJ. Yes, and do them thoroughly.
TIB. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at?
SEJ. Ay,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err:
'Tis Agrippina.
TIB. She, and her proud race.
SEJ. Proud! dangerous, Cæsar: for in them apace
The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t' upbraid us
With his close death, if not revenge the same.

Τ. ἔχθρα μετῆλθεν ἐς μακρὰν τὰ τοιάδε.
Σ. ὅστις γε μέντοι συμβαλεῖν ἔχθραν ὀκνεῖ
ἀρχῇ ξυνεῖναι μηδ' ὄναρ δόξῃ ποτέ.
Τ. ἆρ' εὐσεβείας, ὁρκίων, στοργῆς τέλη
ἀμνημόνευτ' ἄκραντα λακτίσαι χρεών;
Σ. καὶ πάντα γ' ἀρχῆς οὕνεχ'· ὡς ἄναξ ὅδε
ὄνομα τύραννον ὅστις αἰσχυνθῇ φέρειν
τί δῆτ' ἔτλη ποτ' ἄλλο πλὴν ταρβεῖν ἀεί;
σκήπτρων γὰρ ἐς τὸ μηδὲν οἴχεται κράτος,
ὅταν τιθῇ τις τοὺς θεοὺς ἐνθύμιον.
τὰ λεπτὰ κλίνει καὶ τυραννίδας πεσεῖν·
σῴζει γὰρ ἔργων ἀσκόπων ἐξουσία,
σάφ' ἴσθι, καὶ τὰς πλεῖστον ἐχθίστας πόλεις,
ἐν αἷς σιδήρῳ θεσμὸς οὐκ ἀνθίσταται
τὸ μὴ οὐχὶ πάνθ' ὁποῖα βούλεται τελεῖν.
Τ. σκληρῶς ἂν εἴη τοῦτο δρᾶν, οὐκ ἀσφαλῶς.
Σ. ὄκνον γε μὴν ἀφέντι πάντ' ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ.
Τ. κάτοισθ' ἄρ', ὦ τᾶν, ἐς τίν' ὧδ' ᾐνιξάμην;
Σ. εἰ μή γε νοῦν ἢ φροντίδ' ἢ 'ξ ἀμφοῖν νοσῶ·
λέγεις γὰρ Ἀγριππῖναν, ὡς ἐπεικάσαι.
Τ. αὐτοῖσί γ' αὐτὴν ἐκγόνοις ὑπέρφροσιν.
Σ. δεινοῖς μὲν οὖν, ὦ δέσποθ', οἷς γ' ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς
τὸ λῆμ' ἀνᾴσσει συντρόφως τ' ὀφέλλεται·
Γερμανικοῦ γὰρ ζῇ τε κοὐκ ὄλωλ' ἐκεῖ
πρόσωπον, εἶδος, σχῆμ'· ὁ δ' ἐγκαλεῖ μόρον
κρυφαῖον αὐτοῦ κἀντιτίσαιτ' ἂν τάχα.

TIB. The act's not known.

SEJ. Not proved: but whispering Fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a parent's death.

TIB. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.

SEJ. Stay, till they strike at Cæsar; then their crime
Will be enough; but late and out of time
For him to punish.

TIB. Do they purpose it?

SEJ. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till it hit.
Be not secure; none swiftlier are oppressed,
Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:
All power is to be fear'd where 'tis too much.
The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-spirited dame,
Their mother, slacks no means to put them on,
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train and state, suing for titles;
Hath them commended with like prayers, like vows,
To the same gods, with Cæsar.

BEN JONSON, *Sejanus*, II., 2.

Τ. πῶς εἶπας; οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅτῳ τοὔργον σαφές.
Σ. οὐχ ὥστ' ἐλέγξαι γ'· ἀλλὰ τοὺς ἐπιφθόνους
πάντ' ἐκδιδάσκει σῖγα κἀλέγχει φάτις·
οἱ δ' ἐλπίσιν πίθοιντ' ἂν οἰκείαις ὅμως
τοῦ μὴ 'λλιπεῖν ἕκατι. τοιγὰρ οὐ θρασὺ
σφαγῇ πατρῴᾳ χρόνια πνεῖν δεδηγμένους.
Τ. ἴσον τὸ κινδύνευμα κἀναιρεῖν πάρα,
εἰ μηδὲν ἄλλ' ἥμαρτον ἢ πεφυκότες.
Σ. μίμν' οὖν ἕως παίσωσι Καίσαρος βίαν,
ἅλις τότ' ἤδη γ' ἐξαμαρτόντες· σὺ δὲ
πράσσοις ἂν ὀψὲ καὶ πέρα καιροῦ δίκην.
Τ. ἦ καὶ ξύνοισθα μηχανωμένοις τάδε;
Σ. ἀλλ' οὐδὲ γὰρ δή, πρὶν τυχεῖν, βροντὴ βρέμει·
ὥστ' εὐλαβήθηθ'· ὃν δ' ἐκοίμισεν κακὸν
θάρσος, τάχιστ' ἂν οὗτος εἷς ἀνὴρ πέσοι.
τοιόνδ' ἀγῶνα μὴ σύ γ' εὔτολμος δέχου·
τὰ πάντα γάρ τοι δείν' ὅταν λίαν σθένῃ.
αὐτοὶ μέν εἰσιν, τοὺς νεανίας λέγω,
θερμοί, βίαιοι, καὶ πλέῳ φρονημάτων,
ἡ δ' ἀνδρόβουλος οὐ χαλᾷ πάσῃ τέχνῃ
κεντοῦσα μήτηρ, πολλὰ συμφέρουσ' ἀεί,
δήμῳ τ' ἐπεισάγουσα, τήν τ' ὀπισθόπουν
αὔξουσα πομπὴν καὶ τυραννικὰς χλιδάς,
ὄγκον τ' ὀνομάτων παισὶ λιπαροῦσ' ἔχειν·
καὶ δή σφε κἀπέτρεψεν ἐν λιταῖς ἴσαις,
ἴσαις δ' ἐν εὐχαῖς, οἷσι καὶ σὲ δαίμοσιν.

R. A. N.

## IX.

### GAVESTON, KENT, KING EDWARD.

GAV. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.
KENT. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.
K. EDW. Cease, brother: for I cannot brook these words.
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart:
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more: for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard:
Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury:
Wouldst thou be loved and feared? receive my seal;
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What-so thy mind affects or fancy likes.
GAV. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

MARLOWE, *Edward II.*, I., 1.

## IX.

### ΓΑΥΕΣΤΩΝ, ΚΕΝΤΟΣ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

Γ. Ἐμῆς τάδ', ὦναξ, ἀξίας ὑπέρτερα.
Κ. καὶ τῶνδε τοὐλάχιστον ἀρκέσειεν ἂν
κεἰ τοῦδ' ἔτ' εἴη πολύ τις εὐγενέστερος.
Β. σιγῷς ἄν, ὡς οὐ ταῦτ' ἀνέξομαι κλύων.
ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ, ὦ φίλ', ἀξίαν τιμᾶν πάρα
τὴν σὴν τοιούτοις ἀξίως δωρήμασιν,
πρὸς τοῖσδε κἂν δέχοιο καρδίαν ἐμήν.
κεἴ τις φθόνος σοὶ γίγνεται τόσων ὕπερ
καὶ δώσομέν τι πλεῖον, ὡς σκηπτουχίας
οὐκ ἔστ' ὄνησις, πλὴν σὲ τιμαλφεῖν, ἐμοί.
ἦ περὶ βίου φοβεῖ τι; δορυφόρους δέχου.
χρυσοῦ σπανίζει; τἀμὰ σοὶ λαβεῖν πάρα.
ἀστῶν σὲ φιλία τῶνδε γονυπετεῖς θ' ἕδραι
σαίνουσι; τήνδε λάμβανε σφραγῖδ' ἐμήν.
σῴζοις ἂν ἢ φθείροις ἄν, ἐν θ' ἡμῶν μέρει
τάσσ' ὅποσα σοὶ δεδογμέν' ᾖ γνώμῃ φίλα.
Γ. ἡ σή γε φιλία τῷδ' ἐπαρκέσει, φίλε.
ὡς τήνδ' ἔχων, ἴσθ', οὐδὲ Καίσαρα σθένειν
πλέον λέγοιμ' ἂν εὖτε διὰ Ῥώμης ὁδῶν
τοὺς αἰχμαλώτους βασιλέας διφρηλατῶν
λαμπρὰν ἄγῃ τροχοῖσι δεσμίαν χάριν.

J. F.

## X.

## DIOCLESIAN.

Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirmed by constant friends and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To spare me till to-morrow. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did when I
Lived both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp point
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep,
As when I was a private man; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness
A saving antidote to keep me from
A traitor's poison.

FLETCHER, *The Prophetess*, IV., 6.

X.

## ΔΙΟΚΛΗΤΙΑΝΟΣ.

Καὶ δὴ πέπρακται ταῦτα καὶ περαιτέρω
ἐνῆν προβαίνειν, θνητὸς οὐ πέφυχ᾽ ὅμως;
ὥστ᾽ οὐ τάδ᾽ ἀγλαΐσματ᾽, οὐ πλῆθος κράτους
φίλοις βεβαίοις ἐμπέδως τηρούμενα
φρουροῖς τε πιστοῖς, τῷδε σώματι σθένει
φρίσσοντ᾽ ἀλέξειν πυρετόν, οὐδ᾽ ἐπίσταται
τὸν πάντ᾽ ἄδωρον χρημάτων Ἅιδην κάτω
πείθειν ἐπισχεῖν οὐδ᾽ ἐς αὔριον βέλος.
οὐδ᾽ αὖ πέπλοις λαμπροῖσιν ὧδ᾽ ἠσκημένος
σκιὰν προβάλλω μείζον᾽ ἢ πένης ὅτε
κἄδοξος ἔζων· ἐς τοσόνδ᾽ ὀξύστομον
ξίφος τιτρώσκει σάρκα καὶ πτοεῖ μ᾽ ἔτι
εὕδοντ᾽ ὀνείρατ᾽ οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἢ πάρος
ἔτ᾽ ὄντ᾽ ἄσημον· πλεῖον αἱ ᾽πιθυμίαι
ἤδη κρατοῦσιν, οὐδ᾽ ἀλεξητήριον
προδότου τυραννίς ἐστι φαρμάκων ἄκος.

A. P.

## XI.

### ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries ;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face : this have I learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade ; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorrèd rites to Hecate
In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.

MILTON, *Comus.*

## XI.

### ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

*Δρυμῷ δὲ τῷδ' ἐν ἀγρίῳ, κατ' ὀμφαλόν,*
*κυπαρισσινῶν σκιαῖσι κευθμώνων ὕπο*
*ναίει τὸ Κίρκης Βάκχιον Κῶμος τέκνον*
*τεχνήματ' αἰνὰ μητρὸς ἐξειδὼς μάγος.*
*καὶ πᾶσιν ὧδε διψίοις ὁδοιπόροις*
*λαθραῖα θέλγων λυγρὸν ἐκπορίζεται*
*μυγμοῖσι πολλοῖς ξυμπεφυρμένον ποτόν·*
*τοῦ δ' ἐκπιόντος ἰὸς ἀλλάσσει γλυκὺς*
*ῥέθος, δυσειδῆ θηρὸς ἀντιδοὺς φύσιν,*
*ἀμβλύνεται δὲ τῆς περιφραδοῦς φρενὸς*
*φαιδρωπὸν ὄμμα. ταῦτ' ἀκριβώσας ἔχω*
*ποίμνας ὀρείοις βουκολῶν ἀγροῖς πέλας*
*νάπος στέφουσι τοῦτο· κἀντεῦθεν πάρα*
*λάσκοντος αὐτοῦ κνωδάλων θ' ὁμιλίας*
*νύκτωρ ἀκούειν ὡς λύκων κεκλημένων*
*ἢ νήστιδος λέοντος· ἔρδουσιν δ' ἐκεῖ*
*Ἑκάτῃ τέλη στυγητά, τὰς κατασκίους*
*ὁμαυλίας ναίοντες ἐσχάτων ναπῶν.*

W. M. C.

## XII.

## THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Suns that set, and moons that wane,
Rise and are restored again;
Stars that orient day subdues
Night on her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the winter's cruel breath.
Zephyr speaks; serener skies
Warm the glebe, and they arise.
We, alas! earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,
Losing soon life's happy prime,
Droop and fade in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom;
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

COWPER.

## XII.

### ΟΙΗ ΠΕΡ ΦΤΛΛΩΝ ΓΕΝΕΗ ΤΟΙΗΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.

Φθίνει σελήνη, λαμπάδες τ᾽ εὐήλιοι
δύουσιν, ἀντέλλουσι δ᾽ ἄψορροι πάλιν·
ὅταν δ᾽ ἑῴαις ἄστρ᾽ ἀμαυρώθῃ βολαῖς,
παλίσσυτος νὺξ αὖθις ἀνδαίει φλόγα.
χλόη μὲν ἄνθη τ᾽, εὐπρεπῆ βλαστήματα,
ἃ παμφόρου γαῖ᾽ ἐξέφυσε νηδύος,
βαιὸν τέθνηκε κοὐχὶ μυρίον χρόνον
δυσχειμέροισιν ἐκφθαρέντ᾽ ἀήμασιν·
Ζέφυρος δ᾽ ὅπως ἐφθέγξατ᾽, εὔδιός τε γῆν
ἔθαλψεν αἰθήρ, αὐτίκ᾽ ἐξανίσταται.
ἡμεῖς δ᾽ ἀριστεῖς τῆσδε γῆς ὑπέρφρονες,
οἳ πολλὰ κομπάζοντες εὐθαρσῶς ἔπη,
ἡβῶσαν ἀκμὴν εὐθὺς ἐστερημένοι,
μαραινόμεσθα κἂν βραχεῖ κεκμήκαμεν.
νοστεῖ ποτ᾽ ἄνθος ἦρι μέν, βροτοῖσι δ᾽ οὔ·
χειμὼν γὰρ ἀείφρουρος ἐν τάφοις μένει.

W. A. B.

## XIII.

### ATHENIAN HERALD.

But not long
Had the fresh wave of windy fight begun
Heaving, and all the surge of swords to sway,
When timeless night laid hold of heaven, and took
With its great gorge the noon as in a gulf,
Strangled; and thicker than the shrill-winged shafts
Flew the fleet lightnings . . . that our host,
Smit with sick presage of some wrathful God
Quailed, but the foe as from one iron throat
With one great sheer sole thousand-throated cry
Shook earth, heart-staggered from their shout, and clove
The eyeless hollow of heaven; and breached therewith
As with an onset of strength-shattering sound
The rent vault of the roaring noon of night
From her throned seat of usurpation rang
Reverberate answer; such response there pealed
As though the tide's charge of a storming sea
Had burst the sky's wall, and made broad a breach
In the ambient girth and bastion flanked with stars
Guarding the fortress of the Gods, and all
Crashed now together on ruin.

SWINBURNE, *Erechtheus.*

## XIII.

### ΚΗΡΥΞ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ.

Καινὴ δ' ὄρωρε δῆρις οἴδματος δίκην
πνοῇ βρέμοντος· ἐν δὲ σείεται ξίφη
σάλῳ μάλιστ' εἰκαστά. καὶ τότ' οὐρανὸν
ἤμπισχε νὺξ ἄωρος ἡμέραν μέσην θ'
ὥσπερ βαράθρῳ Ταρτάρου μελαμβαθεῖ
κρύψασ' ἐπεῖχε. κἄτι πλείονες βελῶν
ῥοίβδῳ χυθέντων λαμπάδες κεραύνιοι
σκήπτουσ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλαισι. δειμαίνων δ' ἄγαν
θεῶν ὑποπτήσσει τιν' ἀγρίων κότον
στρατὸς μὲν ἁμός, αἱ δ' ἐναντίαι στίχες
αὐδῶσιν αὐδὴν μυριοπληθοῦς βοῆς,
μιᾶς ὁποῖα χαλκέας φωνῆς ἄπο,
βυθὸν δὲ γαίας διατόροις ἠχήμασιν
τυφλάς τε σείουσ' οὐρανοῦ περιπτυχάς.
ῥαισθεὶς πανωλεῖ δ' εὐρύνωτος ἐμβολῇ
αἰθὴρ ἄδηλος ἡμέρᾳ νυκτηρεφεῖ,
ᾗ σέλμ' ἐφ' ὕβρει φωτὸς ἕζεται σκότος,
ἠχοῦσιν ἀντήχησε τοιοῦτον κτύπον
ὡς εἴ τις ὁρμὴ κυμάτων ἐπισσύτων
τεῖχος πόλου διεῖλε κἄσχισεν κύκλον
πυργωμάτων ἃ φρούριον θεῶν στέφει
ἄστροισι ποικιλθέντα· καὶ σύμπανθ' ὁμῶς
πρόρριζα φύρδην συγκατέσκαψεν βίᾳ.

J. A. S.

## XIV.

### IN MEMORIAM.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
  I know that in thy place of rest
  By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
  As slowly steals a silver flame
  Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
  From off my bed the moonlight dies;
  And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in grey:

And then I know the mist is drawn
  A lucid veil from coast to coast,
  And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

TENNYSON.

## XIV.

### ΟΜΜΑΤΩΝ Δ' ΕΝ ΑΧΗΝΙΑΙΣ.

Ὅταν σελήνη τοὐμὸν ἀμφέπῃ λέχος
ἀκτῖσι, τηνικαῦτ' ἐν ἑσπέροις τόποις,
ὅπου πλατύρρους ποταμὸς ἵησιν ῥοάς,
σὴν ἀμφὶ κοίτην τοῖχος ἀμβάδην φλέγει,
ὁ σὸς δ' ἐκεῖθι τύμβος ἐκ νυκτὸς πρέπει
λαμπρὸς μελαίνης, ὡς ἐπαμβαίνει φάος
τὸ σὸν βολαῖσι τοὔνομ' ἐνδατούμενον,
ἐτῶν θ' ὅσ' ἔζης ἀριθμὸν ἀγγέλλον βραχύν.
νῦν δ' αὖτε θεῖον ἐξαποφθίνει γάνος,
φθίνουσι μήνης αὖθις ἐξ εὐνῆς βολαί,
κἀγὼ κεκμηκὸς ὄμμα συμβαλὼν ὕπνῳ
παρῆκ' ἐμαυτὸν ἔστ' ἂν ἀμβρεχθῇ σκότος
αὐγαῖς ὑπ' ὄρθρου, τηνικαῦτα δ' οἶδ' ὅπως
ὄχθην πρὸς ὄχθην ποταμὸν ἀμπέχει νέφους
κάλυμμα λαμπρόν, ὡς δ' ὄνειρον ἐν νεῷ
ὁ σὸς λέλαμπεν τύμβος αἰόλῳ φάει.

A. W. M.

## XV.

### A LAMENT.*

Tears for the noble dead,
  Gems of the rarest,
Flowers for his lustrous head,
  Cull him the fairest.
Mourn o'er his lost lore,
  Lore of the sages,
Gathered in richest store,
  Rifling the ages.
Mourn him, both Rhine and Rhone,
  Tiber, Ilissus,
Dee, and her sister Don,
  Ythan and Isis.
Pale lies the manly brow
  Kings might have chosen,
All his bright promise now
  Withered and frozen.

* In memory of William Cameron, M.A. (Aberdon.), drowned when bathing in the Rhine, July 10, 1883.

## XV.

### ΘΡΗΝΩΙΔΙΑ.

Παῖδά μοι δακρύσατε, Μοῖσα, φίλον, (Στρ. ά)
Φερσεφάσσας ἔξοχος ὃς πέλασεν πάντων ἄωτος δνοφερῷ
κευθμῶνι δαμείς· φέρ' ἀκμὰν
χρυσοφαῶν κτερέων φέρε κρατὸς ἄφαρ πλέξαισα τιμὰν
ἀνθέων φοινικόροδον.
ἀπλέτου δ' οἶον σοφίας ὄγ' ἀπούραις οἴχεται
τῶν παρεληλυθότων ἀφνεὸν θησαυρόν, ὥρα πενθέειν
Ῥῆνέ τε καὶ Ῥοδανοῦ κλειναῖς ξὺν ἀκταῖς

Θύμβριδός τ' Ἴλισσον ἀμαιμάκετον. (Ἀντ. ά)
Δεῦα, σοὶ δ' ὧν οἶκτον ἐγειρέμεναι καί φαμι Δώνας ῥεέθροις,
θρηνεῖν τε πατρώιόν οἱ
πρῶτα μὲν ἁγνὸν Ὑθᾶνος ὕδωρ χαράδρας, Ἶσιν δ', ἔποικον
κυρίοις ὃς δέκτο χρόνοις·
ἦν μὲν ὄμμ' ἀνδρεῖος ἰδεῖν βασιλεὺς ὣτ' εὔθρονος·
νῦν δ' Ἀΐδας ὀλοαῖς κείμενον χείρεσσι λωβᾶταί σφ' ὅμως,
ὅσσα δ' ἔμελλε τελεῖν ἔργων ἀμαυροῖ.

Wreathe his brows and deck the bier,
With the foison of the year:
'Neath the cypress shade austere
Let the amaranth appear,
All the fairies' woodland blisses,
With the laurel never sere,
Nor forget the pale narcissus
For our young Narcissus here:
Wreathe his brows and deck the bier,
Here he lies who knew no peer.

W. D. Geddes.

ἀλλὰ καρπὸν δεῦρο φέροισ᾽ ἔτεος (Ἐπ.)
κρᾶτα μὲν πλεκτοῖς ἐφήβου, Μοῖσ᾽, ἁβρὰν
αἴδεσαι τύμβον τ᾽ ἀγλαοῖς ἀμαράντου στέμμασιν,
καὶ σκιᾷ μελαμπετάλῳ κυπαρίσσου,
οἷά τ᾽ ἔχει Δρυάδων ὕλα, δάφναισίν τ᾽ ἀμβρότοις·
τῷδε σὺ δ᾽ ἠιθέῳ λευκοῖο ναρκίσσου φίλον
ἄνθε᾽ ἐπωνυμίας ἄνδημα λαβοῖσα χάριν
σῆμα μὲν τύμβου στεφάνοις ἐρέφειν αὐτόν τε μοίρᾳ
ὑπέραλλον ἴσᾳ μιχθέντα γαίας ἀγκάλαις.

R. A. N.

## XVI.

### KING RICHARD, BOLINGBROKE, NORFOLK.

K. Rich. Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

## XVI.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ, ΒΩΛΙΜΒΡΩΚΟΣ, ΝΟΡΦΟΛΚΟΣ.

ΒΑΣ. Προσέλθετον δεῦρ', ὡς ἀκούητον τορῶς
ἁμοὶ δεδογμέν' ἐστὶ συμβούλοις τ' ἐμοῖς.
πρῶτον μὲν οὐ χρὴ τῆς ἐμῆς γαίας πέδον
θρέψαι μὲν ἄνδρας, θρεμμάτων δ' ἐν αἵματι
φίλῳ μιγῆναι καὶ σφαγαῖς. ἔπειτ' ἐγὼ
ἐμφύλι' ἕλκη γείτοσιν πεπληγμένα—
θέαμα δυσθέατον—εἰσορᾶν στυγῶ.
τρίτον δ' ὁμοῦ μὲν ἐς περίσσ' ὁρμώμενον
φιλότιμον ἦθος ἀνοσίοις ποτήμασιν
ὁμοῦ δὲ μῖσος ἀνθάμιλλον, οἴομαι,
σφὼ τήνδ' ἐγείρειν ὦρσεν εἰρήνην, ὕπνον
γαίας ἐν ἀγκάλαισι νηπίου δίκην
εὕδουσαν ἡδὺν εὔπνοον· ταύτην δ' ὅμως
εἰ τυμπάνων τις βαρυβρόμοις ἠχήμασι
κινοῖ ποθ' οὕτως, εἴτε σαλπίγγων πικραῖς
ὑπερτόνοις βοαῖσιν, εἴτ' ὠργισμένοις
ὅπλων κροτησμοῖς, ἀγρίων χαλκευμάτων,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories;
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
The sun that warms you here shall shine on me.
And those his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of, 'never to return,'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years
My native English now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp:
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

μέλλοι τότ' ἐκφοβεῖν ἂν εἰρήνην χθονός,
ἡμᾶς δ' ὁμαίμων αἱμάτων φύρειν ῥοαῖς.
πρὸς ταῦτα φεύξεσθ' ἡμίν· ὥστ', ὦ ξυγγενές,
οὐ μὴ σύ, πρίν γ' ἂν τήνδε πλουτίσωσι γῆν
δὶς πέντ' ὀπῶραι, τὴν ἐμήν ποτ' ἀσπάσει
εὔκαρπον αἶαν· ἣν δὲ μὴ φεύγῃς, θανεῖ·
ἄλλας δ' ἀήθεις χρή σ' ἐπιστείβειν ὁδούς.

ΒΩΛ. ἔστω τάδ'· ἓν δὲ κεῖνό γ' εὐφρανεῖ μ', ὅτι
θάλψει σὲ κἀμὲ ταὐτὸ πῦρ εὐήλιον,
καὶ χρυσοφεγγεῖς ἃς σὺ τῇδ' ὁρᾷς βολὰς
φάει περιπτύξουσι τὸν φεύγοντ' ἐμέ.

ΒΑΣ. Νόρφολκε, σοὶ δὲ βαρυτέρα κεῖται δίκη,
ἣν οὐχ ἑκών γε προὐννέπω. σοὶ γὰρ χρόνος
βραδύπους βαδίζων αἰὲν αἰανῆ φυγὴν
οὐκ ἐξαλείψει, ῥεῖ δ' ἄνευ προθεσμίας.
ἀμήχανον δὲ τόνδε κηρύσσω λόγον,
μή μοι κατελθεῖν αὖθις· εἰ δὲ μή, θανεῖ.

ΝΟΡ. βαρεῖά γ', ὦ φέριστ' ἄναξ, ἡ σὴ κρίσις,
ὅλως τ' ἄελπτος ἔκ γε σῆς γλώσσης κλύειν.
φεῦ· οἷ' ἔργα δράσας οἷα λαγχάνω, χάριν
ἄχαριν λαβὼν τήνδ' ἀνθ' ὑπηρετημάτων,
προπηλακισθὲν πατρίδος ἔκβλητον δέμας.
ἐγχωρίαν δὲ γλῶσσαν, ᾗ συζῶ πάλαι,
ἐατέον νῦν, οὐδὲ τῆς φωνῆς ἔτι
ὄνησις ἥξει πλὴν ὅσην γ' ἔχει λύρα
πηκτίς τ' ἄχορδος, εἴτε ποικίλου σοφὸν
ξοάνου τι μηχάνημα κατακεκλῃμένον,
ἢ καὶ πρόχειρον, ἀλλ' ἐπιτραπὲν χερὶ
ἥτις κρέκειν ξύμφωνον οὐκ ἐπίσταται.

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath.

K. RICH. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

NOR. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*, I., 3.

γλῶσσαν γὰρ οὕτω τήνδε συγκλῄσας ἔχεις
χειλῶν τ' ὀδόντων θ' εἱργμένην ἕρκει διπλῷ,
καὶ δεσμίῳ μοι διὰ τέλους ἐφίσταται
ἄγνοια νωθὴς ἄφορος αἰσθήσεως κενή.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἐμοὶ σαίνειν τροφόν,
οὐδ' εὐμαρές μοι τηλικῷδε μανθάνειν.
τί δῆτ' ἄραρε πλὴν ἀναύδητος φθορά,
ἥ γ' ἀέρος τοῦδ' ἐγγενοῦς μ' ἀποστερεῖ;
ΒΑΣ. ἄραρε γοῦν ταῦθ'· ὡς κατοικτίζει μάτην·
χρόνιος δ' ὀδυρμὸς ἐπὶ προκειμένῃ δίκῃ.
ΝΟΡ. καὶ μὴν πατρῷον εἶμ' ἀποστραφεὶς φάος,
νεμῶν ἀτερπὲς αἰνὸν αἰανὲς κνέφας.

W. B. A.

## XVII.

## ERECHTHEUS.

To fight then be it: for if to die or live,
No man but only a God knows this much yet,
Seeing us fare forth, who bear but in our hands
The weapons, not the fortunes of our fight:
For these now rest as lots that yet undrawn
Lie in the lap of the unknown hour; but this
I know, not thou, whose hollow mouth of storm
Is but a warlike wind, a sharp salt breath
That bites and wounds not; death nor life of mine
Shall give to death or lordship of strange kings
The soul of this live city, nor their heel
Bruise her dear head discrowned.

SWINBURNE, *Erechtheus.*

## XVII.

### ΕΡΕΧΘΕΥΣ.

Μαχώμεθ' οὖν ζήσοντες ἢ θανούμενοι·
τοσοῦτο δ' οὐδείς, πλὴν θεός γ', ἔξοιδέ πω,
ἡμᾶς ὃς ἐξιόντας εἰς μάχην ὁρᾷ
δήλοις σὺν ὅπλοις ἀλλ' ἀδήλοισιν τύχαις,
ἃς νῦν, ὁποῖα κλῆρον ὃν στέγει κυνῆ,
κεύθει χρόνου μέλλοντος ἄσκοπον σκότος.
ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἐγὼ τοσοῦτον, ἀγνοεῖς δὲ σύ,
ὃς ἐκ κεναυχοῦς καὶ τεθηγμένης φρενὸς
λαβροστομεῖς τοιαῦτα, πνευμάτων ὅπως
πικρὰν ἀϋτμὴν ἀλλὰ μὴ δηκτηρίαν,
ὁθούνεκ' οὐ θανὼν ἂν οὐδὲ μὴ θανὼν
δοίην ἐπακτοῖς τῆσδε τῆς ζώσης πόλεως
ψυχὴν τυράννοις οὐδ' ἂν ἐχθίστῳ μόρῳ,
οὐδ' οὖν ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν τῆσδ' ἂν ἀστεφὲς κάρα
κόλασμα λακπάτητον οὐδαμῶς πάθοι.

A. W. M.

## XVIII.

### LEONATO.

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*, IV., 1.

## XVIII.

### ΛΕΩΝΑΤΩΝ.

ΛΕΩΝ. Οὐκ οἶδα. τήνδε δ' εἰ ψέγουσ' ἐτήτυμα
διασπαράξω χερσίν, εἰ δ' ἀνάξια
κακοστομεῖ τις, κἂν ὅμως ὕψιστος ᾖ,
οὔτοι γεγηθὼς ἐξαπαλλαχθήσεται.
οὔπω γὰρ ἐξήρανεν ὁ ξυνὼν χρόνος
τόδ' αἷμα τοὐμόν, οὐδὲ σὺν γήρᾳ βαρὺς
γνώμην ὅμως ἀπώλεσ', οὐδὲ συμφοραῖς
ἐγκείμενος τὰ χρήματ' ἐκβαλὼν ἔχω,
οὐδ' αὖ κακοῖς τρόποισιν ἐστέρην φίλων.
οὐ δῆτ'· ἐγερθεὶς δ' ὧδ' ἔτ' ὢν ὠμοκρατὴς
τοῖσδ' ἐμπέσοιμ' ἂν καὶ φρενῶν ἐπήβολος
φίλων τ' ἀφνειὸς καὶ πολυκτήμων βίου,
ὥστ' οὐκ ἴσην γε λαμβάνειν τιμωρίαν.

W. A. B.

## XIX.

## CANTERBURY.

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed as an aim or butt
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey:
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry* V., I., 2.

## XIX.

### ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

Πρὸς τοῦτο πάντα τὰν βροτοῖς πονούμενα
ἄλλοισιν ἄλλ' ἔνειμεν ἐγχειρεῖν θεός,
ἀεί τι κινεῖν προτρέπων, κινοῦσι δὲ
κεῖται σκοπός τις ὥσπερ ἡ πειθαρχία.
καὶ γὰρ φυλάσσει τόνδε τοῦ βίου τρόπον
γένος μελισσῶν, αἵπερ ἐγγενεῖ φύσει
βροτοὺς διδάσκουσ' εὐνόμους θεῖναι πόλεις.
ἄναξ γὰρ αὐταῖς ἐστὶ καὶ τάξιν τέλη
ῥητὴν ἔχονθ', ὧν αἱ μὲν οἰκουροὶ πυλῶν
τἄνδον διευθύνουσι, δημάρχων δίκην·
αἱ δ' ἐμπόροισι προσφερεῖς ὁρμώμεναι
κέρδος θύρασιν ἐμπολῶσ', αἱ δ' αὖ τρίται
στράτευμ' ὅπως κέντροισιν ἐξωπλισμέναι
θέρειον ἐκπορθοῦσιν ἀνθέων γάνος,
λείαν δ' ἔπειτα τήνδε χαίρουσαι πάλιν
τοῦ κοιράνου φέρουσιν ἐς στρατήγιον.
αὐτὸς δὲ τοὐπιβάλλον ἀμφέπων χρέος
τοὺς τέκτονας μὲν χρύσε' εὐφώνως στέγη
τεύχοντας ἀθρεῖ, τοὺς δὲ δημότας μέλι
πλάσσοντας, ἄχθη δ' αὖ στενῶν πυλῶν ἔσω
βάναυσον εἰσωθοῦντα φορτηγῶν ὄχλον.
καὶ μὴν παραστὰς οὑπιτιμητὴς πέλας,
σκυθρωπὸς ὢν γήρυμά τ' οὐκ εὐάγγελον
βόμβων ἀφιείς, ὠχριῶσι προσπόλοις
ἀργὸν κτανεῖν δίδωσι κηφήνων γένος.

A. P.

## XX.

### SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

C. G. Rossetti.

## XX.

### ΑΙΔΗΣ Ο ΕΚΛΕΛΑΘΩΝ.

Φιλτάτη, εὖτε θάνω μή μοι σκιερᾷ κυπαρίσσῳ
  μηδὲ ῥόδοις τύμβον μηδὲ γέραιρε γόοις.
θῆλυν ὕπερθε πόην ὄμβροισι δρόσοισί τ᾽ ἔασον,
  ἴσθι δ᾽ ἐμοῦ μνήμων, εἰ δὲ μή, ἀλλὰ λαθοῦ.
οὐ σκιά, οὔ με τότ᾽ ὄμβρος ἀφίξεται, οὐκέτ᾽ ἀηδοῦς
  ἑσπερίας λιγυρὸν θρῆνος ὁποῖα μέλος.
ἀλλὰ μιᾷ τότε νυκτὶ κεκρυμμένος ἐν τάχ᾽ ὀνείρῳ
  σοῦ μνήμων ἔσομαι, κεἰ τύχοι, οὐδὲ σέθεν.

A. W. M.

## XXI.

### TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers!

Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light?

Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave.

But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course!

## XXI.

### ΤΟΝ ΔΙΦΡΕΥΤΗΝ ΗΛΙΟΝ ΠΡΟΣΕΝΝΕΠΩ.

Ἀλλ' ὦ μετάρσι' ἅρμαθ' εἱλίσσων, ἄναξ,
ὃς ἀμφιτόρνῳ δὴ προσήιξαι δέμας
σάκει, πατρῴου σπέρματος προβλήματι,
Ἥλιε, πόθεν δῆθ', ἃς ἀκοντίζεις, βολαί;
πόθεν δὲ φέγγος ἄφθιτον λεύσσω τὸ σόν;
φανεὶς γὰρ ἐξύπερθε, κάλλιστον σέβας,
τηλωπὸς αἴθεις· οὐρανῷ δὲ κρύπτεται
ἄφαντος ἄστρων μυριοπληθὴς ὄχλος,
ἥ τ' ἀργυρῷ πρέπουσ' ἀθερμάντῳ φάει,
πότνια σελήνη, δῦσα τὸν πρὸς ἑσπέραν
κλύδων' ἄβυσσον, ἐκλέλοιπεν εὐφρόνην·
ἀτὰρ σύ γ' οἶον οἶος ἰθύνεις δρόμον.
τίς ἄν ποτ' ἀρκέσειε σοῦ διωκαθεῖν
τροχοὺς ἁμιλλητῆρας ὑστέρῳ ποδί;
καὶ τὰς ὀρείας ἐξερειφθῆναι δρύας

The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.

But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art perhaps like me; for a season thy years will have an end.

Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

Exult thee, O sun! in the strength of thy youth!

Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering

πάντως ἀνάγκη, πρὸς δ' ὄρη πελώρια
χρόνου παραστείχοντος ἀυανθήσεται·
καταφθίνει τε νῦν μέν, εἶτ' ἀναζέσας
τέθηλε πόντος κἀπὶ μεῖζον ἔρχεται·
καὶ πανσέληνος ἔσθ' ὅτ' οἴχεται κύκλος
φροῦδος δι' αἰθέρ'· ἀλλ' ἄραρέ σοι μόνῳ
τὰ πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐμπέφυκε, καὶ διεξόδους
τέμνεις φαεννάς, χαρμονῇ ξυνὼν ἀεί.
πᾶσαν δὲ γῆν ὁπηνίκ' αἰγίδων ὕβρις
ἔχει περιπτύξασα λυγαίῳ σκότῳ,
βρονταῖς τ' ἐριγδούποισι μυκᾶται πόλος,
στεροπαί τ' ἐνήλαντ', ἐκ μελαμβαθοῦς ἀτμοῦ
σὺ δὴ τοτηνίκ' εἰσδέδορκας, ἀγρίᾳ
ὁ καλλίμορφος ἐγκατιλλώπτων ζάλῃ.
ἀλλ' Ὀσσιάνῳ γ' ὄμμα προσβάλλεις μάτην,
ὡς οὐκέτ' ἤδη σὰς ἐκεῖνος εἰσορᾷ
ἀκτῖνας, εἴτε νοτίδα τὴν ἑωθινὴν
ξανθοὶ καταιθύσσουσι βόστρυχοι σέθεν,
εἴτ' οὖν τρέμεις πύλαισιν ἑσπέροις πάρα.
σὺ δ' εἰκάσαι μέν, ὡς ἔγωγ', ἐφήμερος·
καὶ μοιροκράντῳ τέρμ' ἐν αἰῶνος χρόνῳ
τῶν σῶν ἐτῶν που συντρέχειν ὀφείλεται,
οὐδ' ἂν κλύοις σὺ τῆς ἕω προσφθεγμάτων,
νέφους ἐνὶ πτυχαῖσι κοιμηθεὶς ὕπνῳ.
χλίδα νυν, ἥβης ἐξὸν εὐθενεῖν ἀκμῇ,
Ἥλιε, κραταιᾷ, τοῦτο γιγνώσκων ὅτι
τὸ γῆράς ἐστ' ἀμαυρὸν ἀστεργές θ' ἅμα.
ὃ δὴ μάλιστ' ἔοικεν ὀρφναίῳ πυρὶ
μήνης, ὁποῖον ἐξίησιν, ἔνθαπερ

light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hill; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

OSSIAN.

*νεφέλαι διερρώγασι, τηνικαῦθ' ὅτε*
*μέλαιν' ὀμίχλη πρῶνας ἀμπίσχει χθονός,*
*κρυσταλλόπηκτα λαίλαπός τ' ἀήματα*
*πίμπλησι πεδίον, καὶ καταπτήσσει τρέσας*
*ὁδοιπόρος, κέλευθον ὀγμεύων μέσην.*

R. A. N.

## XXII.

## TO THE MOON.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

Shelley.

## XXII.

### ΠΟΤΝΑ ΣΕΛΑΝΑ.

῏Η κόπῳ χροίας χλόερόν σοι ἄνθος,
ὦ σελάννα, μάκρον ὃν αἴθερ᾽ αἴει
ἃ πλάναις τὰν γᾶν ἐπόρεισ᾽, ἐταίραν
    χῶρις ἐν ἄστροις;

τοῖσι δ᾽ ἄλλα σεῦ γενέα, τὺ δ᾽ ὦ δέσπ-
οιν᾽ ἀμαχάνω τινος ὧσπερ ὄμμα
φῶτος ἀλλάσσει, σέθεν ὡς ὄρεισ᾽ ἐπ-
    άξιον οὖδεν.

J. F.

## XXIII.

## DEIANEIRA.

Ah me, the weary days
We women live, spending our anxious souls
Consumed with jealous fancies, hungering still
For the belovèd voice and ears and eyes,
And hungering all in vain! For life is more
To youthful manhood than to sit at home
Before the hearth to watch the children's ways
And lead the life of petty household care
Which doth content us women. Day by day
I pined in Trachis for my love, while he,
Now in some warlike exploit busied, now
Fighting some monster, now at some fair court,
Resting awhile till some new enterprise
Called him, returned not. News of treacheries
Punished, friends succoured, dreadful monsters slain,
Came from him: always triumph, always fame,
And honour, and success and reverence.

# XXIII.

## ΔΗΙΑΝΕΙΡΑ.

Οἴμ' ὡς γυναιξὶ δύσφορος κεῖται βίος
αἳ νύκτ' ἐπιφθόνοισιν ἡμέραν τ' ἀεὶ
ξυντήκομεν δόξαισι λυμανταῖς φρενῶν,
φωνήν τ' ἐραστὴν ὦτά τ' ὀφθαλμόν θ' ὁμῶς
μάτην ποθοῦσαι· καὶ γὰρ εἰς μείζω βίος
ἥκει νέοισιν ἢ παρ' ἐσχάρᾳ μένειν,
τέκνων τ' ἀθύρματ' ἐν δόμοις ἐπισκοπεῖν,
οἰκουρίας τε φλαῦρον ἐξαντλεῖν ὄτλον
ἀρκοῦντα ταῖς γυναιξίν· ὧδ' ἐτηκόμην
δύστηνος ἐν Τραχῖνι συννόμου πόθῳ·
ὁ δ' ἢ μετ' ἀσπιστῶν τιν' αἰχμάζων μάχην,
ἢ θῆρ' ἀναιρῶν, ἢ κατ' εὐδμήτους στέγας
ἀεὶ νέον τιν' ἐκ πόνων μίμνων πόνον,
ἀνῆλθεν οὔποτ'· ἐκτελῶν δ' ἠγγέλλετο
φίλων ἀρωγάς, κνωδάλων τ' ὠμῶν φόνους
ποινάς τε προδοτῶν, ὥσθ' ὑπ' εὐκλείας ἀεὶ
δόξαν κομίζειν καὶ σέβας νικηφόρον.

And sometimes words of love for me who pined
For more than words, and would have gone to him
But that the toils of such high errantry
Asked more than woman's strength. So the slow years
Vexed me alone in Trachis, set forlorn
In solitude, nor hearing at the gate
The frank and cheering voice, nor on the stair
The heavy tread, nor feeling the strong arm
Around me in the darkling night, when all
My being ran slow. Last, subtle whispers came
Of womanish wiles which kept my lord from me.

Lewis Morris, *The Epic of Hades.*

καὶ θέλκτρα μύθων ἔσθ' ὅτ' ἐξέπεμπέ μοι
αὐτὸν ποθούσῃ, κἂν ξυνεσπόμην πόσει
εἰ τῶν τοιούτων ἐργμάτων ἄθλους φέρειν
ῥώμη γυναικὸς ἤρκεσ'· ὣς ἀπωλλύμην
δαρὸν μονωθεῖσ', οὐδ' ἐφαίδρυνέν μ' ἔτι
πρόσφθεγμα τἀνδρός, τέρψις οὐ σμικρὰ κλύειν,
οὔτ' ἐν πύλαισι βαρυπεσῆς ποδῶν κτύπος
ἄκρας τε νυκτὸς ἀγκαλῶν ἄσπασμ' ὅτε
πᾶσ' ἐκτακείην· νῦν δὲ σῖγ' εἷρπεν φάτις
δόλων γυναικός, ἣ τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπεῖργέ μου.

W. M. C.

## XXIV.

## EXILE.

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
  Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are
    crying,
      My heart remembers how!
Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
  Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent, vanished races,
      And winds, austere and pure:
Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
  Hills of home! and to hear again the call,
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
      And hear no more at all.

R. L. STEVENSON.

## XXIV.

### ΝΟΣΤΑΛΓΙΑ.

Ἠνίδ' ἐκεῖ λειμῶνας ἐπιπνείουσιν ἀῆται
  ὑομένους, φλεγέθει τ' ἠελίοιο βέλη,
οὗ Μαραθωνομαχῶν θρηνεῖ περὶ σήματ' ἀκανθὶς
  θρῆνον ὁποῖον ὅπως λήθομαι οὐδὲ φυγάς.
Ἠεροειδέα σήματ', ἐν ἄκρισιν ὕπτι' ἐρήμαις,
  ἑσταότες τε λίθοι, πορφύρεόν τε πέδον,
πώεσι ποικίλ' ὄρη, σιγηλῶν τ' ἤθε' ἀίστων,
  Εὖρ' ἀμίαντον ἀείς, ὀξὺ μένος Βορέου,
χαίρετ', ἐγὼ δ' ὑμᾶς καὶ ἀποθνήσκων ἐπιδοίμην
  αὖθις ἅπαξ, κορυφαὶ πατρίδος ἡμετέρης,
ἥ τε περιτρύζεις πατέρων περὶ σήματ' ἀκανθίς,
  καὶ σέθεν αἰσθοίμην ὕστατον αἰσθόμενος.

A. W. M.

## XXV.

### LEAR.

Let it be so;—thy truth then be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, I., 1.

## XXV.

### ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

Εἶεν·
σὺ δ' ἀντίφερνον τὴν ἀλήθειαν δέχου·
μὰ γὰρ τὸ καλλιφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέβας,
μὰ νυκτὸς ὄμμα τῆς θ' Ἑκάτης μυστήρια,
κύκλους θ' ἅπαντας ἀστέρων τελεσφόρους,
ἐξ ὧνπερ ἀρχὴ τέρμα τ' ἤρτηται βίου·
πατήρ σε θρέψας νῦν ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μὴ
ὅμαιμος εἶναι μηδὲ συγγενὴς ἔτι·
ξένη δ' ἀπόπτυστός τε κἀπάτωρ ἐμοῦ
τὰ λοίπ' ἀκούσει. καὶ γὰρ ἄγριος Σκύθης
ὅστις θ' ὁπλίζει δαῖτα παιδείων κρεῶν,
πλήρωμα γαστρός, ὑποδοχῆς οἴκτου τροφῆς
στέρνων πρὸς ἁμῶν ἐξ ἴσου τύχοιεν ἂν
σοὶ τῇ ποτ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε κληθείσῃ κόρῃ.

W. A. B.

## XXVI.

### ALVAR, ZULIMEZ.

ALV. Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.
ZUL. Will they not know you?
ALV. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth;—since last we saw each other,
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note.—Besides, they think me dead;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognise.
ZUL. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.

COLERIDGE, *Remorse*, I., 1.

## XXVI.

### ΑΛΒΑΡΟΣ, ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ.

ΑΛ. Ἄκουε τοίνυν ᾗ βεβούλευμαι ποιεῖν·
ἐνδὺς ἄνακτος Μαυρικοῦ τινος στολὴν
μένοιμ᾽ ἂν ἐνθάδ᾽·
ΠΑ. ἣν δ᾽ ἄρα γνῶσίν σ᾽, ἄναξ;
ΑΛ. ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ὀκνήσω, σῇ θ᾽ ὑπουργίᾳ, φίλε,
δόλῳ τε πίσυνος· ἄνθος αὖ χροιᾶς ἐμοί,
πολὺν χρόνον δεσμοῖσι καὶ σίτου σπάνει
ξυνόντι φροῦδον· ἐν πόνοισι δ᾽ ἥλιος
φλέγων ὑπαιθρίοισιν, ἥδ᾽ οὐλή θ᾽ ἅμα
ἤδη βραχείας νῷν τέχνης χρείαν φέρει.
οὐδ᾽ αὖ νεάζων εἴμ᾽ ἔτ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἠνδρωμένος
φωνὴν βαρεῖαν καὶ μέτρον μορφῆς ἔχω
τοσόνδ᾽, ἐς ὄψιν τῶνδε σὺν χρόνῳ μολών.
καὶ πρός γε δοξάζουσιν οὐκ εἶναί μ᾽ ἔτι·
φιλεῖ δὲ πᾶς τις, ἤν τι νοῦς ἀμήχανον
κρίνῃ, βραδεῖαν πίστιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἔχειν.
ΠΑ. σὸν μὲν τάδ᾽, ὦναξ, ἐννέπειν, ἐμὸν δὲ δρᾶν.

G. A. M.

## XXVII.

### EVE.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower
Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild : then silent Night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
Nor glistering starlight without thee is sweet.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* IV., 641.

## XXVII.

### ΑΛΛΑ ΤΙ ΜΟΙ ΤΩΝ ΗΔΟΣ;

*Ἔω τὸ πνεῦμα γλυκερόν, ἐκκαλοῦσά τε*
*ὄρνιθος ᾠδὴν ἀντολή· τερπνὸν δ' ὅταν*
*τὰ πρῶτα πρὸς γῆν ἥλιος σπείρῃ βέλη,*
*βάλλων ἕωθεν δένδρα κἀνθηρὰν χλόην*
*δρόσῳ τε μαρμαίρουσαν εὔκαρπον χθόνα.*
*στάζει δ' ἐπ' αἶαν καὶ γλυκεῖ' εὐοσμία*
*μαλακῶν ἀπ' ὄμβρων· ἑσπέρου τ' ἐπηράτου*
*βάσις γλυκεῖα, νὺξ σιωπηλή θ' ὁμῶς*
*καλὴν σελήνην καὶ τόδ' ὄρνιθος σέβας,*
*ἄγουσά τ' ἀστερωπὸν οὐρανοῦ στόλον.*
*ἀλλ' οὔτε πνεῦμα τήνδε τελλούσης ἕω*
*σαίνει σέθεν στερεῖσαν, οὔτ' ἄστρων σέλας.*

W. M. C.

## XXVIII.

## ULYSSES.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
    There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,

## XXVIII.

### ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Ὅδ' ἐστ' ἐμὸν δὴ σπέρμα, φίλτατος γεγώς,
Τηλέμαχος ὑμῖν, ὃς πατρῷα δέξεται
νήσῳ σὺν αὐτῇ σκῆπτρ', ἐπεὶ κάτοιδε μὲν
βαρὺν διαντλῶν μόχθον, ἐν χρόνῳ δ' ὅμως,
ἀπότομον, εἴ τι, λῆμ' ἔθνους προμηθίᾳ
σοφῇ πεπαίνειν, κἀπὶ χρηστότητ' ἄγειν
λεπταῖς ὄνησίν τ' ἐρρυθμισμένον ῥοπαῖς·
ψόγου δ' ἄμοιρος πλεῖστον ἐκβέβηχ' ὅτῳ
δίκαι' ἀπαρκεῖ τἀν ποσὶ σπεύδειν μόνον,
ἐς τοὺς ὁμαίμους μηδὲν ἐλλείπειν πρέπων
θεούς τ' ἀγάλλειν εἰκότως παρεστίους
ἐμοῦ συθέντος· ἔργον ὧδ' ἀμφοῖν δίχα.
εἶεν.
ὅρμος μὲν ὑμῖν τῇδε, κἀξωγκωμένον
νεὼς ὑπ' αὐρῶν λαῖφος· ἄσπετος δ' ἐκεῖ
θάλασσα πορφύρουσα. ναυβάται φίλοι,

Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old:
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows: for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides: and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are:

*πόνων συνεργοί, φροντίδων συλλήπτορες*
*οἳ φαίδρ' ἀεὶ σκιρτῶντες ἡλίου φλόγα*
*βροντάς τ' ἐδεξιοῦσθε, νοῦν ἐλεύθερον,*
*ἐλεύθερον μέτωπον ἀνθωπλισμένοι,*
*ὑμᾶς ὁρῶ γέροντας ἀνδρὶ τῷδ' ἴσους·*
*γήρᾳ δέ τοι μογοῦντι προσκεῖται σέβας.*
*λύει μὲν ᾅδης πάντ'· ἀτὰρ φθάνειν ἀκμὴ*
*δράσαντας οὐκ ἀνώνυμ', οἷα δ' ἄξια*
*ἀνδρῶν ἐφάψαι τῶν παλαισάντων θεοῖς.*
*ὡς ἄρτι μαρμαίρουσι λαμπάσιν πέτραι·*
*φάους διαρρεῖ μῆκος, ἀμβαίνουσα δ' αὖ*
*ἕρπει σελήνη, καὶ πολυγλώσσων γέμει*
*πόντος στεναγμῶν. εἶα, σοῦσθε δή, φίλοι,*
*ζητεῖν νεωτέραν τιν' ἐν καιρῷ χθόνα.*
*ἀπαίρετ' οὖν· οὐ θᾶσσον ἥμενοι καλῶς*
*ῥοθίους πτύχας παιήσεθ'; ὧδε γὰρ κρατεῖ*
*τοὐμόν γε, δυσμῶν ἡλίου περαιτέρω*
*λουτρῶν τε πλεύσανθ' ἑσπέρους ἵν' ἀστέρας*
*ζάλαι βρέχουσιν, εἶτα λοίσθιον θανεῖν.*
*δῖναι μὲν ἡμᾶς εἰ κατακλύσουσί που,*
*θαρσῶμεν, ἢ νήσοισι τῶν εὐδαιμόνων*
*προσορμιούμεθ', ᾧ τ' ἐχρώμεθ' ἥλικι*
*τὸν πᾶσι κλεινὸν ὀψόμεσθ' Ἀχιλλέα.*
*ἦ πολλὰ μὲν δὴ φροῦδα, πολλὰ δ' ἀσφαλῆ.*
*οὗτοι γὰρ ἡμεῖς τῷ πρὶν ἐκπάγλῳ σθένει*
*γῆν κοὐρανὸν σείσαντι συμπεφύκαμεν,*
*ἀλλ' ἐσμὲν οἵπερ ἐσμέν, ἐξισούμενοι*
*ὀργὴν ἑταῖροι καρδίαν τ' εὐτλήμονα.*
*τί δ' εἰ κυροῦμεν τῷ τε λυμαντῇ χρόνῳ*

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

Μοίρᾳ τ' ἄναρθροι; συντρόφως γὰρ ἴσχομεν
τὸν διαμαχεῖσθαι καὶ δίωγμ' ἐπουριεῖν
μέλλοντα θυμόν, μήθ' ὑποπτήξειν ποτέ.

R. A. N.

## XXIX.

## EVENSONG.

The embers of the day are red
Beyond the murky hill:
The kitchen smokes: the bed
In the darkling house is spread:
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by Thy will:
So far have I followed, Lord, and wondered still.

The breeze from the embalmèd land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord,—I understand,
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep, and will not question more.

R. L. Stevenson.

## XXIX.

### ΑΣΠΑΣΙΗ ΤΡΙΛΛΙΣΤΟΣ.

Οὔρους μὲν κορυφὰν ἤδη κνεφαίαν ἀνθρακιαὶ φλεγέθουσιν
'Αελίου, φλέγει κάμινος τοῖσδ' ἀλύχνοις ἐν μεγάροις,
ἔνθα νῦν ἑτοῖμον ἔστρωται λέχος· Νυκτὸς δίφρος οὐράνιον
κεφαλᾶς ὕπερ ἀμβαίνει πόλον, καὶ κατ' ἀπείριτον ὕλαν
δένδρα συρίζει. Θεὸς δεῦρ' ἐς ἑσπέραν μ' ἀγινεῖ,

θαυμάζοντά μ' ἀγινῶν, ἔμπα δ' οὐκ ἄκοντ' ἐθέλοντα δ' ὁμαρ-
τεῖν.
νῦν δ' ἀπροσδόκητον ἦλθεν πνεῦμα πόντονδ' ἀδύπνοον,
χερσόθεν δ' ἄραξεν αὔρα τὰς θύρας· εὔγνωστον ἐπειγομένας
θεόθεν τέκμαρ αἰανᾶς ἀκούων δέχομαι τόδε νυκτός.
σῖτον αἰνήσας ὕπνον τ' οὐχὶ πόρσιον διώξω.

A. W. M.

## XXX.

### BISHOP, QUEEN.

BISHOP. Since we have spoke and counsel is not heard,
I for my part—let others as they list—
Will leave the court, and leave him to his will,
Lest with a ruthful eye I should behold
His overthrow, which sore I fear is nigh.
QUEEN DOR. Ah father, are you so estranged from love,
From due allegiance to your prince and land,
To leave your king when most he needs your help?
The thrifty husbandmen are never wont,
That see their lands unfruitful, to forsake them;
But when the mould is barren and unapt,
They toil, they plough, and make the fallow fat:
The pilot in the dangerous seas is known;
In calmer waves the silly sailor strives.
Are you not members, lords, of common weal,
And can your head, your dear anointed king,
Default, ye lords, except yourselves do fail?
O stay your steps, return and counsel him.

GREENE, *James IV.*, II., 2.

## XXX.

### ΙΕΡΕΥΣ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ.

ΙΕΡ. τὰ πάντ' ἐνουθετοῦμεν, ὡς δοκεῖ, μάτην.
πράσσοι μὲν ἄλλος ὡς ἕκαστός τις θέλοι,
κεῖνος δ' ἐκεῖνα στεργέτω τὸ γοῦν ἐμόν,
ὡς οὐκέτ' ἂν μένοιμι μή μ' οἶκτος βάλῃ
πίπτοντος, ᾧπερ πότμον ἐνσκήπτονθ' ὁρῶ.
ΒΑΣ. ἀλλ', ὦ γέρον, φίλων τε καὶ πάτρας φίλης
οὕτω λέλησαι τῆς τε πειθάρχου φρενὸς
ὥστ' ἐν δέοντι βασιλέως ἀποστατεῖν;
οὐ γὰρ φιλοῦσιν οἵ γε σώφρονες βροτῶν,
κάλυκες ὅτ' ἐκλείπουσιν ἔγκαρποι χθονός,
εὐθὺς μετοικεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ μόχθου μέτα
ἄγονον ἀροῦσι γαῖαν, ἔστ' ἂν ἐν χρόνῳ
πίων γένηται· κἂν κλυδωνίῳ 'φάνη
νεὼς καμούσης κεδνὸς οἰακοστρόφος,
ἀρκεῖ δ' ὁ φαῦλος εὖτ' ἂν οὔριος πνέῃ.
ἆρ' ἐστὲ κοινῆς τῆσδε σύμβουλοι πόλεως;
καὶ πῶς τύραννος εὐφιλής, ἁγνὸν σέβας,
κἂν σμίκρ' ἁμαρτὼν μέμψιν οὐχ ὑμῖν φέροι;
μὴ δῆτ' ἀπέλθητ' ἀλλὰ νουθετεῖτέ νιν.

G. R. W.

## XXXI.

## ULYSSES.

Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows: for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven: that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

## XXXI.

### ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Θριγκοῖ τὰ πάντα θάνατος, ἀλλὰ καὖθ' ὅμως
βίου τελευτὴν πρὶν τελεῖν ἔργον τὶ δρᾶν
ἔξεστιν εὐπρεπές τε κοὐκ ἀνάξιον
τῶν εἰς ἅμιλλαν πρόσθεν ἐλθόντων θεοῖς.
ἤδη φλέγει πέτραισι λαμπτήρων σέλας
φθίνει τε μακρὸν ἦμαρ, οὐρανόν τ' ἀνὰ
ἕρπει σελήνη, φθέγμασίν τ' ἀνηρίθμοις
κύκλῳ στενάζει πόντος· εἶα δή, φίλοι,
καὶ νῦν γὰρ ἂν καινήν τιν' εὕροιμεν χθόνα,
ἀπαίρετ', ἐν κόσμῳ τε συγκαθήμενοι
τύπτετε βρέμοντα κύμαθ', ὡς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ
τῶν ἡλίου δυσμῶν τε ναυστολεῖν πέρα
ἄστρων τε λουτρῶν ἑσπέρων ἔστ' ἂν θάνω.
τάχ' ἂν γὰρ ἡμᾶς πόντος ἂν κατακλύσαι
τάχ' ἂν δὲ νήσους μακαρίων ἱκοίμεθα
ὡς σχῆμ' Ἀχιλλέως γνώριμον πρὶν ὄντ' ἰδεῖν.
ἦ πολλά τοι βέβηκε, πολλὰ δ' αὖ μένει,
αὐτοὶ δέ, καίπερ οὐκέτ' ἀνθοῦντες σθένει
ᾧπερ τὸ πρὶν θεούς τε κἀνθρώπους ἅμα
ἐθράξαμέν ποτ', ἀλλ' ὅμως σάφ' οἶδ' ὅτι
οἷοί πέρ ἐσμεν, ἐσμέν, ἀνδρείας τρόποις
κοινὸν τρέφοντες λῆμα, γήρᾳ μὲν βραδεῖς
μοίρᾳ τε, θυμῷ δ' ἄλκιμοι σπεύδειν ἔτι,
ζητοῦντες ἐξευρεῖν τε, μήτ' εἶξαί ποτε.

J. F.

## XXXII.

### LORENZO.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice,* V., 1.

## XXXII.

### ΛΑΥΡΕΝΤΙΟΣ.

Γύναι, κάθησο, κἀνάθρησον οὐρανοῦ
κρηπῖδα ποικιλθεῖσαν εὐχρύσοις κύκλοις·
οὐκ ἔστι τῶνδ' οὐδ' οὑλάχιστος ὧν βλέπεις
ὃς οὐκ ἀοιδὴν μέλπεται κυκλούμενος
τοῖς εὐπροσώποις τῶν θεῶν θείαν χοροῖς.
ψυχαῖς τοιαύτη βλαστάνει συμφωνία
ἐν ἀφθίτοισι· νῦν δ' ἐπεί σφε γήινον
θανάσιμον ἀμφίβληστρον ἀμπίσχει τόδε,
οὐκ ἔστιν εὐξύμβλητος ἀνθρώποις κλύειν.
ὠή, μεθ' ὕμνων ἐξεγείρετ' Ἄρτεμιν,
ἡδὺν δι' ὤτων τῇδε ῥηγνύντες νόμον,
μολπαῖς δ' ἐφέλκετ' εἰς δόμους θελκτηρίοις.

W. M. C.

## XXXIII.

## EMPEDOCLES ON AETNA.

'Tis Apollo comes leading
  His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
  But all are divine.

—Whose praise do they mention?
  Of what is it told?—
What will be forever;
  What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
  Of all things; and then
The rest of immortals,
  The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
  The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
  The stars in their calm.

M. Arnold, *Empedocles on Aetna.*

## XXXIII.

### ΕΜΠΕΔΟΚΛΗΣ ΑΙΤΝΑΙΟΣ.

Ἠνίδ' Ἀπόλλων ἐννέα Μουσῶν
χορὸν ἁγνότατον μόλε ποιμαίνων·
πάντες δῖοι μέν, ὁ δ' ἐξ ἄλλων
κάλλιστος ὁ Φοῖβος ἰδέσθαι.

τίνα δ' ὑμνοῦσιν θεὸν εἴτ' ἀνδρῶν;
τί δὲ χρῆμ' ἐπὶ γῆς εἴτ' οὐράνιον;
τά τ' ἐόντα πάλαι νῦν τ' ἰσχύονθ'
ὑμνοῦσ' ἅ τε μήποτ' ὀλεῖται.

πρῶτον δὲ θεῶν Δί' ἐπαινοῦσιν
χθονίων ὑπάτων πατέρ' αὐτόφυτον,
κἄπειτα θεοὺς ἐπὶ τῷδ' ἄλλους,
ταχύποτμά τε πράγματα θνητῶν.

τότε δ' ἡμερινὸν βέλος ἠελίου,
στεφάνους τ' ἄθλων ἀπὸ γυιοβαρῶν,
νύκτα θ' ἕκηλον φέγγεά τ' ἄστρων
θείᾳ λάμποντα γαλήνῃ.

A. W. M.

## XXXIV.

## PRAYER.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur.*

## XXXIV.

### ΚΑΙ ΓΑΡ ΤΕ ΛΙΤΑΙ ΕΙΣΙ ΔΙΟΣ ΚΟΥΡΑΙ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΙΟ.

*Τἀρχαῖ' ὄλωλε, τοῖς νέοις δ' ἐξίσταται*
*καὶ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ πολλαχῇ κραίνει θεὸς*
*βουλήν, ὅπως μὴ καὶ καλῶς εἰθισμένον*
*ἓν ἐγχρονισθὲν συγχέῃ τὰ πάντ' ἔθος.*
*θέλγ' οὖν σεαυτόν, ὡς ἐμοὶ θελκτήριον*
*ἔνεστιν οὐδέν· πρὸς τέλει γὰρ ὢν βίου*
*τἀμοὶ πεπραγμέν' ἁγνίσαι προσεύχομαι*
*θεῷ καθ' αὑτόν· εἰ δὲ μήποθ' ὕστερον*
*τόδ' ὄμμ' ἐσόψει, τἄμ' ἐκεῖ καλῶς ἔχειν*
*εὔχου θεοῖσιν, ὡς βροτῶν δόξης πέρα*
*σθένουσιν εὐχαί· πρὸς δὲ ταῦτ' ἐπισσύτους,*
*ὁποῖα κρουνόν, νύκτα καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν,*
*ἐπουρίσειας τοῦδ' ὕπερ λιτὰς θεοῖς.*
*τί γὰρ βοτῶν κρατοῦμεν ἄνθρωποι γένους*
*ἐπάργεμον τρέφοντος ἐν στήθει βίον,*
*εἴ γ' εἰδότες θεοὺς μήποτ' ἄνσχοιμεν χέρας*
*ἡμῶν θ' ἕκατι χὤν ἀκούομεν φίλοι;*
*τοίοις γὰρ ἡ γῆ πάντοθεν συνημμένη*
*χρυσοῖσι δεσμοῖς Ζηνὸς ἥρμοσται ποσίν.*

W. M. C.

## XXXV.

### DOGE, SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT.

DOGE. (*solus*). He is gone,
And on each footstep moves a life. 'Tis done.
Now the destroying angel hovers o'er
Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial,
Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment, poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak. Thou day!
That slowly walk'st the waters! march—march on—
I would not smite i' the dark, but rather see
That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea waves!
I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply too,
With Genoese, Saracen, and Hunnish gore,
While that of Venice flow'd too, but victorious,

## XXXV.

### ΑΝΑΞ, ΛΟΧΑΓΟΣ.

ΑΝΑΞ. *Φροῦδος βέβηκε θανάσιμον πολλοῖς βάσιν.*
*ταῦτ' οὖν πέπρακται· νῦν ἐπιζαρεῖ χθόνα*
*δαίμων πανώλης, πημάτων δ' ἔθ' ἵσταται*
*πλημμυρίδ' ἴσχων, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ μέσῳ*
*θήρευμ' ἀθρήσας ἀετὸς βραχὺν χρόνον*
*τανυπτέροις ῥιπαῖσιν αἰωρούμενος*
*ψαίρει τὸν αἰθέρ', εἶτα δ' ἐνσκήπτει κάτω*
*χηλαῖς ἀφύκτοις. ὦ βάδην κλυδώνια*
*φῶς ἐμβατεῦον, δεῦρ' ἴθ' οὐρίῳ δρόμῳ·*
*οὐ γάρ τι νυκτός, ἀλλ' ἐν ἡλίου φάει*
*τύπτειν θέλοιμ' ἄν, ὥστε μὴ ἀμπλακεῖν σκοποῦ.*
*σὲ δ', ὦ κυάνεον οἶδμα ποντίας ἁλός,*
*ἤδη σ' ἐρυθρᾷ κοὐκ ἀναιμάκτῳ βαφῇ*
*εἶδον μιανθὲν βαρβάροις ἐγχωρίων*
*νεκροῖσι μικτῶν, ἐκ δ' ὑπερτέρας χερός.*

Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson; no
Barbaric blood can reconcile us now
Unto that horrible incarnadine,
But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter.
And have I lived to fourscore years for this?
I, who was named Preserver of the City?
I, at whose name the million's caps were flung
Into the air, and cries from tens of thousands
Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me blessings,
And fame, and length of days—to see this day?
But this day, black within the calendar,
Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium.
Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers
To vanquish empires, and refuse their crown;
I will resign a crown, and make the state
Renew its freedom—but oh! by what means?
The noble end must justify them. What
Are a few drops of human blood? 'tis false,
The blood of tyrants is not human; they,
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,
Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs
Which they have made so populous.—Oh world!
Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime?
And slay as if Death had but this one gate,
When a few years would make the sword superfluous?

φοίνικι δ᾽ ἀνθεῖν νῦν χρεών σ᾽ ἀκηράτῳ,
ὡς οὐκ ἐκεῖν᾽ ἂν αἱματῶδες ἀλλόθρου
σφαγῆς μύσαγμα τήνδε προσσαίνοι πόλιν·
φίλοι δὲ κἀχθροὶ πάντες ἐμφύλῳ στάσει
φύρδην πεσοῦνται. καὶ δεκασπόρους χρόνους
ὀκτὼ τοιῶνδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ οὕνεκ᾽ ἀντλήσας ἔχω,
(ἔγωγ᾽ ὁ σωτὴρ τῆς πόλεως κεκλημένος,
οὗ τοὔνομ᾽ ἄνδρες δημόται πίλους ἄνω
ἧκαν κλύοντες, μυριοπληθοῦς τ᾽ ἀπὸ
γλώσσης ἀνέστη θεοὺς ἱκνουμένων βοή,
ζηλωτὸν εὐαίωνα προσνεῖμαι βίον
ἐσθλήν τε δόξαν), ἦμαρ ὡς τοιόνδ᾽ ὁρῶ;
τῇδ᾽ ἡμέρᾳ δέ, κἂν ὅμως ἀποφρὰς ᾖ,
χρυσοῦς τις αἰὼν εὔδιος μεθέψεται.
Δόλων γὰρ ἐνενηκοστὸν εἰς θέρος μολὼν
ἄστη τε πέρσας σκῆπτρ᾽ ὅμως ἠνήνατο·
κἀγὼ παρήσω σκῆπτρα τήνδε γῆν πάλιν
ἐλευθερώσων. τῷ τρόπῳ δ᾽ ἐργαστέον;
βούλησις ὀρθὴ πάντ᾽ ἂν ἁγνίσαι. τί μήν;
παρ᾽ οὐδὲν ἔσται βαιὰ δὴ σταλάγματα
σφαγῆς βροτείας. ἀλλ᾽ ἀπὸ σκοποῦ λέγω,
οὐ γάρ ποτ᾽ ἀνδρῶν αἷμ᾽ ἔφυ τυραννικόν·
κεῖνοι μὲν οὖν ὅπως τις ἀνδροβρὼς Κύκλωψ
ἔσθουσιν ἡμᾶς, ἔστ᾽ ἂν εὐκαίρῳ βίᾳ
καὐτοὶ συνεισέλθωσι πολύανδρον τάφον.
ὦ γαῖα μῆτερ, ἄθλιόν τ᾽ ἀνδρῶν γένος,
τίνες ποτ᾽ ὄντες πρὸς τί κἀξοχωτάτας
μήδεσθε βουλάς, αἱματηρὸν αἵματος
δανεισμὸν ἐκπράξαντες ἀγρίῳ ξίφει;

And I, upon the verge of th' unknown realm,
Yet send so many heralds on before me?—
I must not ponder this. [*A pause.*
Hark! was there not
A murmur as of distant voices, and
The tramp of feet in martial unison?
What phantoms even of sound our wishes raise!
It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—
Why pauses it? My nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself perhaps even now draws grating back
Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower portal,
Where swings the sullen huge oracular bell,
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bodements; let it do its office,
And be this peal its awfullest and last
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What! silent
still?
I would go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of re-union to
The oft discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The wavering of the weak, in case of conflict;
For if they should do battle, 'twill be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken:

πλείους γὰρ Ἅιδου τῆσδ' ἔχοντος εἰσόδους,
χεῖρ' ἂν ξιφουλκὸν παῦρα πληθύοντ' ἔτη
θείη περισσήν. κᾆτα νερτέρων χθονὸς
ἐγγὺς καταστάς, πλῆθος ἀγγέλων ὅμως
τόσον προπέμπω. ταῦτα δ' οὐ καιρὸς φρονεῖν.
ἔα. ἆρ' οὐ ψοφεῖ τις ὡσπερεὶ φωνημάτων
τηλωπὸς ἠχή, καὶ σὺν εὐρύθμῳ βάσει
ἀνδρῶν ἄρειον δεῦρο χριμπτόντων πόδα;
ὡς δ' ἐξέλαμψε κἀκ κτύπου φαντάσματα
εὐχαῖς συνῳδ'. οὐκ ἔστιν· οὐκ ἔκλαγξέ πω
τὸ σῆμα· καίτοι σῖγ' ἔχον θαυμάζεται.
ἀδελφιδοῦ γὰρ ὧδ' ὁδοιπορεῖν ἐχρῆν
πομπόν, στρόφιγγι δ' ἐν βαρεῖ μυκώμενον
πύλωμ' ἴσως νῦν αὐτὸς ὀρθίου πέλας
ἀνέῳξε πύργου, στυγνὸν ἔνθα κρήμναται
χρηστηρίου κώδωνος ἄπλατον μένος,
ὡς πλεῖστ' ἄναυδον, ἀλλ' ἀμηχάνοις κακοῖς
πόλεως νοσούσης ἢ θανόντος ἀρχέτου,
δείν' ἐκβοῶν μαντεύματ'. ἐνδίκως δὲ νῦν
τοὖθ' ὕστατον γήρυμα φρικωδέστατον
πύργωμα σείοι κἀξ ἀκινήτων βάθρων.
τί σιγᾷ;
στείχοιμ' ἂν ἔξω, τήνδε μὴ φρουράν γ' ἔχων
ζεύξων μεσήρης ταῦτα θαμιλλώμενα,
ἀφ' ὧν τοιάδε κρᾶσις, ἔν τ' αἰχμῶν κλόνῳ
τὰ μὴ σθένοντα τλημόνως ξυναρμόσων.
ἣν γὰρ μάχωνται, τῇδ' ὑπώροφον θέρος
Ἄρης ἀμήσει βασιλικοῖς ἐν δώμασιν.

Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-mover.——Hark! he comes—he comes,
My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—
What tidings? Is he marching? hath he sped?
*They* here!—all's lost—yet will I make an effort.

*Enter a* SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT, *with Guards, etc., etc.*

SIG. Doge, I arrest thee of high treason!
DOGE. Me!
Thy prince, of treason?—Who are they that dare
Cloak their own treason under such an order?
SIG. (*showing his order*). Behold my order from the assembled Ten.
DOGE. And *where* are they, and *why* assembled? no
Such council can be lawful, till the prince
Preside there, and that duty's mine: on thine
I charge thee, give me way, or marshal me
To the council chamber.
SIG. Duke! it may not be:
Nor are they in the wonted Hall of Council,
But sitting in the convent of Saint Saviour's.
DOGE. You dare to disobey me, then?
SIG. I serve
The state, and needs must serve it faithfully;
My warrant is the will of those who rule it.
DOGE. And till that warrant has my signature
It is illegal, and, as *now* applied,
Rebellious. Hast thou weigh'd well thy life's worth,
That thus you dare assume a lawless function?

τήνδ' οὖν φυλάξω τάξιν, ὡς ῥάψας ἐγὼ
τὰ πάντα. καὶ μὴν συγγενοῦς παρ' ἀλκίμου
ὅδ' ἄγγελος δεῦρ' ἀρτίπους πορεύεται.
τί νέον; ἐλαύνει; κοῦφον ἐξῆρεν πόδα;
οἴμοι·
πάρεισιν ἐχθροί. πάντ' ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.

ΛΟΧΑΓΟΣ.

ὦναξ, πόλιν προδόντα σ' εἰς δίκην ἄγω.
ΑΝ. ποίαν τυράννου προδοσίαν κατηγορῶν;
τίνες γὰρ οἱ τολμῶντες οἰκεῖον δόλον
λάθρᾳ καλύπτειν τῷδε τῷ προστάγματι;
ΛΟΧ. λάβ' οὖν ἐφετμὰς τῶν δέκ' ἐκ συνεδρίου.
ΑΝ. ποῖ τί ξυνῆλθον; ἢ θύραζε τῶν νόμων
οὗτοι συνεδρεύουσι βασιλέως ἄνευ
ἐπιστατοῦντος, τοῦτο δ' ἔστ' ἐμὸν γέρας.
σοὶ δ', ὡς προσῆκον, ἤ μ' ἀφιέναι λέγω
ἤτοι κομίζειν πρὸς τὸ βουλευτήριον.
ΛΟΧ. οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦναξ. οὐδὲ μὴν εἰωθόσιν
ἵζουσ' ἐν οἴκοις, ἐν δὲ σωτῆρος Διός.
ΑΝ. σὺ ταῦτ' ἀπειθεῖς ὧδ' ἀπ' αὐθάδους φρενός;
ΛΟΧ. πόλεως γὰρ ὢν λάτρευμα λατρεύσω καλῶς·
οἱ δ' ἐν τέλει μοι τοῦτ' ἐπέσκηψαν τέλος.
ΑΝ. καὶ ταῦτα μὴ σφραγῖδι πιστωθέντ' ἐμῇ
οὔτ' ἔννομ' ἐστὶ νῦν τε κἀπειλεῖ στάσιν.
οὔκουν πρόνοιαν ἔσχες ὡς λύει βίος,
ὅς γ' οὐ θεμιστῶς ταῦτα τολμήσας κυρεῖς;

SIG. 'Tis not my office to reply, but act—
I am placed here as guard upon thy person,
And not as judge to hear or to decide.

DOGE. (*aside*). I must gain time. So that the storm-bell sound,
All may be well yet.—Kinsman, speed—speed—speed!—
Our fate is trembling in the balance, and
Woe to the vanquish'd! be they prince and people,
Or slaves and senate—

[*The great bell of St. Mark's tolls.*

Lo! it sounds—it tolls!
(*Aloud*). Hark, Signor of the Night! and you, ye hirelings,
Who wield your mercenary staves in fear,
It is your knell—
Swell on, thou lusty peal!
Now, knaves, what ransom for your lives?

SIG. Confusion!
Stand to your arms, and guard the door—all's lost
Unless that fearful bell be silenced soon.
The officer hath miss'd his path or purpose,
Or met some unforeseen and hideous obstacle.
Anselmo, with thy company proceed
Straight to the tower; the rest remain with me.

[*Exit part of the Guard.*

DOGE. Wretch! if thou wouldst have thy vile life, implore it;
It is not now a lease of sixty seconds.
Ay, send thy miserable ruffians forth;
They never shall return.

ΛΟΧ. ἔργων μέλει νῦν, οὐκ ἀμείβεσθαι λόγοις·
σὲ γὰρ φυλάξων τήνδε προὐστάλην ὁδόν,
κοὐχ ὥστ' ἀκούειν ἢ διακρίνειν βραβεύς.
ΑΝ. τριβῆς με δεῖ. σάλπιγξ γὰρ ἣν φωνῇ μόνον
ἡ χαλκοκώδων πάντ' ἂν εὐβόλως ἔχοι.
δεῦρ' οὖν τάχυν', ὅμαιμε, σὺν σπουδῇ ποδός·
βεβήκαμεν γὰρ νῦν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τύχης,
καὶ τοὺς δαμέντας πόλλ' ἐπαμμένει παθεῖν,
δούλους τε βουλήν τ' εἴτ' ἄνακτα καὶ λεών.
ἔα, κτύπον δέδορκα κωδωνόκροτον.
ὦ νυκτίφαντε δέσποτ', ὦ ξένων ὄχλε
μισθωτὰ νωμῶν ἐν φόβῳ βακτήρια,
κλῦθ' ὡς ἐπηχεῖ κέλαδος οὐ παίωνιος.
χαλκόστομον μήκυνον, ὦ σάλπιγξ, βοήν.
τί νῦν, κάκιστοι, δώσεθ' ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν;
ΛΟΧ. φεῦ, φεῦ·
θύρετρ' ἐν ὅπλοις ἔχετε· πάντ' ὀλώλαμεν
ἢν μὴ τὸ δεινὸν φθέγμα σιγήσῃ ταχύ·
ὁδοῦ γὰρ ἁνὴρ δῆλος ἢ γνώμης σφαλείς,
ἤ πως ἀφράστῳ συντυχὼν κωλύματι.
τῷ σῷ μὲν οὖν πρὸς πύργον, Ἀστύναξ, λόχῳ
εὐθεῖαν ἡγοῦ, τόνδε δ' ὡς ἔχει λίπε.
ΑΝ. ὦ φαῦλον ἦθος, ἱκεσίοις εὔχου λιταῖς
εἰ ζῆν ἔθ' ἡδύ· καὶ γὰρ ἐν σμικρᾷ ῥοπῇ
κεῖται βίος σὸς κοὐκέτ' εἰς πολὺν χρόνον.
πρὸς ταῦτα λῃστὰς τούσδε σοὺς τρισαθλίους
ἔκπεμψον, οὔποτ' αὖθις ἐμβλέψων πάλιν.

SIG. So let it be!
They die then in their duty, as will I.
DOGE. Fool! the high eagle flies at nobler game
Than thou and thy base myrmidons,—live on,
So thou provok'st not peril by resistance,
And learn (if souls so much obscured can bear
To gaze upon the sunbeams) to be free.
SIG. And learn thou to be captive. It hath ceased,
[*The bell ceases to toll.*
The traitorous signal, which was to have set
The bloodhound mob on their patrician prey—
The knell hath rung, but it is not the senate's!
DOGE. (*after a pause*). All's silent, and all's lost!
SIG. Now, Doge, denounce me
As rebel slave of a revolted council!
Have I not done my duty?
DOGE. Peace, thou thing!
Thou hast done a worthy deed, and earn'd the price
Of blood, and they who use thee will reward thee.
But thou wert sent to watch, and not to prate,
As thou said'st even now—then do thine office,
But let it be in silence, as behoves thee,
Since, though thy prisoner, I am thy prince.
SIG. I did not mean to fail in the respect
Due to your rank: in this I shall obey you.
DOGE. (*aside*). There now is nothing left me save to die;
And yet how near success! I would have fallen,
And proudly, in the hour of triumph, but
To miss it thus!—

BYRON, *Marino Faliero*, IV., 2.

ΛΟΧ. εἶεν·
πιστοὶ θανοῦνται, κἀξ ἴσου τούτοις ἐγώ.
ΑΝ. φεῦ σῆς ἀνοίας. ἴσθι δ' οἰωνὸν Διὸς
μεῖζον διώκοντ' ἤ σε δουλίους τε σοὺς
θήρευμα λῃστάς. τοιγὰρ ἐν φάει μένων,
ἐφ' ᾧτε μὴ κίνδυνον ἐκ βίας ἀρεῖ,
μάθ' (εἰ πάρεστιν ὧδε δυσγενεῖ κάρᾳ
νοεῖν τὰ γενναῖ') εἰς ἐλευθέρους τελεῖν.
ΛΟΧ. κἀς δεσμίους σύ· τοῦ γὰρ ἐχθίστου ψόφου
ἔληξ' ὁ κώδων, δῆμον οὗ κλύοντ' ἔδει
ἄγρᾳ κυνηδὸν ἐμπεσεῖν εὐπάτριδι.
ἤχησε δύσποτμ', οὐ συνεδρίῳ γε μήν.
ΑΝ. τῆσδ' ἐκ σιωπῆς πάντα τἄμ' ἐξόλλυται.
ΛΟΧ. ἀνθ' ὧνπερ, ὦναξ, δοῦλον ὥς μ' ἐπιρρόθει,
βουλῇ τ' ἀπίστῳ συμπλέκοντ' ἀναρχίαν.
ἆρ' οὐκ ἐφάνθην τοὐμὸν εὖ πράξας μέρος;
ΑΝ. ὦ θρέμμ' ἀναιδές, οὐχὶ κοιμήσεις στόμα;
εὖ δὴ πέπρακται, τἀπίχειρα δ' αἵματος
δώσουσιν οἱ στείλαντες ὡς κατ' ἀξίαν.
ἀλλ' οὐ λαλεῖν γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ φρουρεῖν πρέπει,
ὡς εἶπας ἄρτι, σόν νυν ἐκτέλει χρέος,
σιγῇ γε μέντοι, καὶ γὰρ οὖν σιγᾶν δίκη
πρὸς γοῦν ἄνακτα καίπερ ὄντα δέσμιον.
ΛΟΧ. δράσω τάδ', οὐχ ἑκὼν ποτ' ἐλλιπὼν τὸ μὴ
τιμὴν πρέπουσαν σῇ νέμειν σκηπτουχίᾳ.
ΑΝ. νῦν οὐδὲν ἄλλο λοιπὸν ἢ θανεῖν μάτην
νίκῃ πρὸς αὐτῇ. καὶ γὰρ εὐτόλμως πεσεῖν
τῷ πάντ' ἀριστεύσαντι κῦδος ἐμπολᾷ,
ἀλλ' ὧδ' ἁμαρτεῖν πῆμα πήματος πλέον.

W. A. B.

## XXXVI.

## ULYSSES.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old:
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows: for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

## XXXVI.

### ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Ἔνθα λιμὴν καὶ νηῦς—πρήθει μέσον ἱστίον αὔρη—
ἔνθα δὲ πορφύρει δνοφερῆς μέγα λαῖτμα θαλάσσης.
ὦ φίλοι, οὔτε πόνων ἀδαήμονες οὔτε τι βουλῶν,
οἳ βροντήν Ζηνός τε καὶ αὐγὰς ἠελίοιο
ἀσπασίως ἐδέχεσθ' αἰὲν τετληότι θυμῷ,
οὔ τι κατηφήσαντες, ἐφ' ἡμᾶς γῆρας ἱκάνει·
γηράσκουσι δ' ὅμως τιμή τε πόνος τε δίδονται.
πάντα τελεῖ θάνατος· πρὶν δ' αἴσιμον ἦμαρ ἐπελθεῖν,
ἐσθλὸν ἂν ἔρδοιμέν τε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι,
οἷον ὅτ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἐμαρνάμεθ' ἄντα θεοῖσιν.
μαρμαρυγαὶ δὲ πυρῶν Ἰθάκης στίλβουσιν ἀπ' ἄκρων·
ἠέλιος δύεται βραδέως, βραδέως δὲ σελήνη
ἀντέλλει· πόντος δὲ περὶ στενάχει πολυηχής.
δεῦτε, φίλοι· ζητεῖν δὲ νεώτερα καίριον αἰέν.
ὤσατε νῆα παρέκ τε καὶ ἥμενοι εὖ ἐνὶ κόσμῳ
τύπτετε νῦν πόντον πατάγῳ· δοκέει γὰρ ἄριστον
πλεῖν ὑπὲρ ἠελίου δυσμὰς πάντων τε λοετρὰ
ἄστρων ἑσπερίων, ἧός κέ με μοῖρα κίχῃσιν·

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides: and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

*εἴτε που ἐς πόντοιο βάθος καταδυσόμεθ', εἴτε*
*Ἠλύσιον πεδίον καταβησόμεθ', ἔνθα τε ναίει*
*διογενὴς Ἀχιλεύς, ὃς πρὶν μεθομίλεεν ἡμῖν.*
*αἴθε γὰρ ὧς ἀλκὴ μένοι ἔμπεδος ὡς τὸ πάρος περ,*
*γαῖαν ὅτ' εὐρεῖάν τ' ἐλελίξαμεν Οὔλυμπόν τε.*
*πολλὰ δὲ μοχθήσαντες ὅμως τινὲς εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι*
*—πάντες ὁμοφροσύνῃ μένεα πνείοντες ἑταῖροι·*
*τείρει μὲν μακρός τε χρόνος καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιὰ*
*ῥηιδίως· ἔχομεν δὲ καὶ ὧς νημερτέα βουλὴν*
*ζητεῖν θ' εὑρίσκειν τε διαμπερὲς οὐδέ ποτ' εἴκειν.*

J. A. K. T.

## XXXVII.

### DOCTOR, ARMGART.

DOCTOR. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.

ARMGART. Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!
Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
And kept me living.
You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning blight—
A lava-mud to crust and bury me,
Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,
Crying unheard for ever! O your cures
Are devils' triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering
Between the teeth of torture—see a soul

## XXXVII.

### ΙΑΤΡΟΣ, ΑΡΜΓΑΡΤΑ.

ΙΑΤΡ. Ἦ πολλὰ κληδὼν τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ φρένας
στροβεῖ, τί δ' οὐχὶ πανδίκως θαυμάζεται;
ΑΡΜ. σύμφημι κἀς τρίς· ἀλλ' ἀποφθείρας ἐμοὶ
φωνὴν ταλαίνῃ, σύντροφον ψυχὴν μὲν οὖν,
εἶτ' ἐν βίῳ μ' ἔσωσας, οὐ κατέκτανες;
ὦ λῆμ' ἄτεγκτον, οὐ γὰρ ἐξεῖπές ποτε
σὰ φάρμαχ' ὅτι πνιγηρὰ καὶ μελαμπαγῆ,
μυδῶντος ὡς λειχῆνος ὀλέθριον βλάβος
πηλοῦ τ' ἐπαμβατῆρος, οὗ κεκρυμμένη
αἰῶν' ἔτ' ἂν τείνοιμ' ἐν ἀσπέτοις πτυχαῖς
ἄκραντ' ἀεὶ γοῶσα· φεῦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
ἄκη γὰρ Ἐρέβει προσφέρει νίκην τὰ σὰ
οὐ καλλίνικον, εἰ βροτοὺς συλᾶν, κακοῦν,
κτείνειν πάρεστι, τοῦ δ' ἀκέσματος πέρα
χαίρεις θέαμ' ἔχθιστον εἰσορῶν ὅπως
στερραῖς τις οἰκτρῶς πημοναῖς αἰκίζεται,

Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good
Once known and gone! O misery, misery!
You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here!
In some new unremembered world—not here,
When all is faded, flat, a feast broke off—
Banners all meaningless—exulting words
Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Armgart*, Sc. 4.

δεδηγμένος μὲν θυμὸν οἷ' ἀπεστέρη,
ἀλγῶν δὲ πᾶς τῆς δήποτ' ὀλβίας τύχης
ἣν εἶχε, νῦν δ' ᾤχωκεν· οἴμοι μοι κακῶν.
εἰ γὰρ κατέκτας μ'· εἰ γὰρ εἴασάς μ' ἔτι
πόνων ἄγευστον βλέφαρα συμβαλεῖν ὕπνῳ,
κἄπειτ' ἀνοῖξαι, τῆσδ' ἀπόξενον χθονός,
λήθῃ συνοῦσαν ὥστ' ἐκεῖ στέργειν βίον,
μηδ' ἐνθάδ' ἔζων· ἀλλ' ἀπανθήσαντά πως
δαίμων ἀμαυροῖ πάντα· τἀμὰ γὰρ πρέπει
θοίνης ἀκαίροις εὐκλεοῦς ἀπαλλαγαῖς,
κράτους ἀσήμοις σήμασιν, χαρτοῖς λόγοις
οἵων περ ἤμβλυνέν τις ἐξαίφνης χαράν,
καὶ δὴ ματαίοις τυμπάνων ἀράγμασιν
ἄπυστον ἀντηχοῦσι διὰ χρόνου μέλος.

R. A. N.

## XXXVIII.

## MALEFORT.

Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a judge
To censure that, which only by myself
Ought to be question'd? Mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short syllable yield satisfaction
To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were
A certainty disdaining argument!
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

MASSINGER, *The Unnatural Combat*, II., 1.

# XXXVIII.

## ΑΝΑΞ.

Ἆρ᾽ ἐστὶ φροῦδον πατρὸς ἀρχαῖον γέρας
καὶ δεῖ με παιδὶ τοῦ βίου δοῦναι λόγον;
ἦ καὶ λιταῖσι προστρόποις φεύγειν δίκην;
κρίνοντος ὅσπερ ἶνις ἐξ ἐμοῦ γεγὼς
εἶτ᾽ αἰτιᾶται ταῦτά μ᾽ ὧν κατήγορος
ὀρθῶς ἂν εἴην αὐτὸς ἢ κοὐδεὶς βροτῶν.
πάγοι δὲ πεδίῳ πρότερον ἐξισοίατο,
χαμαί τε θάμνων ὕψος αἰγείρου φόβῃ,
γένοιτο δ᾽ εἴ τι τῶνδε κἀτοπώτερον,
πρὶν ῥῆμα φάσκειν σμικρὸν ἤ τιν᾽ εἰς κρίσιν
λόγων μολεῖν με σῆς γ᾽ ὑποψίας πέρι,
εἰ κἄστ᾽ ἐλέγχου χρῆμα κυριώτερον.
εἰ γὰρ τάδ᾽ ἔργα μυσαρὰ κἀσεβέστατ᾽ ἦν
στυγνῷ περιβληθέντα Ταρτάρου σκότῳ
σοὶ γοῦν δοκεῖν χρῆν στέφανον εὐκλείας φέρειν
τὸν καλλίνικον· καὶ γὰρ ἐξ ἴσου σε δεῖ
ἐμοὶ βλέποντα πάνθ᾽ ὅσ᾽ ἐκ γνώμης ἐμῆς
ἀρχὴν ἔχει καὶ σχῆμα, ταῦτ᾽ ἐπαινέσαι.

J. A. S.

## XXXIX.

### THE LOST LOVE.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
  And very few to love:

A Violet by a mossy stone
  Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
  The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

## XXXIX.

### ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ.

Ναὶ' ἀβάτοις ἐν ὁδοῖσι παρὰ κρήναισι Πελειᾶς,
  παύροις αἰνητή, παυροτέροισι φίλη.
λάνθανεν οἷον ἴον παρὰ λειχηνώδεϊ πέτρῳ·
  ἦν καλή, οἷ' ἀστὴρ μοῦνος ἔλαμψε πόλῳ.
ἀγνῶς μὲν ζώεσκεν ἐπὶ χθονός, οὐδὲ θανοῦσα
  ἥ γ' ἔμελεν πολλοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐμοί, ὅσσον ἐμοί.

A. W. M.

## XL.

## THE LEA RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
  Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo;
An' owsen frae the furrow'd field
  Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
  Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
  I'll rove, an' ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
  My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night was ne'er sae wild,
  An' I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O.

## XL.

### ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἄστρον ὅκ' ἀῷον τὸ ποθέσπερον ὤρει ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
ἀντέλλον σημαίνει ἄγειν ποτὶ τὠὐλίον οἴας,
ἀργαλέω δ' ὑπ' ἀρότρω ὅκα μάλα τειρόμενος βῶς
δειελινὸς σταθμόνδε ποτέρχεται αὔλακα λείπων,
νάματος ὄχθῃσιν τόκα δὴ ὅπᾳ ἁδὺ πνέοισαι
ὑψίκομοι πτελέαι λιπαρᾷ τέγγονται ἐέρσῃ,
τεῖδέ σοι ἀντασῶ λειμῶνος ἐπ' ἀνθεμόεντος.
ἦ μὰν καὶ σκοτόεντα δι' ἄλσεα νυκτὸς ἀωρὶ
ἄτρεστός κεν ἐγὼν καὶ μῶνος ἐών περ ἀλῴμαν,
αἴ κα τῆνα δι' ἄλσε' ἐμὰν ποτ' ἐρωτίδ' ἱκοίμαν.
οὐδ' εἰ πνεύσειεν πολὺς ὤνεμος, εἰ πολὺς ὤμβρος
ὠρανόθεν τε γένοιτ' αὐτός θ' ὅτι πλεῖστα κάμοιμι,
τίν, φίλα, ὀκνοίην κεν ἐπὶ λειμῶνος ὑπαντᾶν.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' grey
  It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O.

BURNS.

Ἀέλιος τὸ ποτ' ὄρθρον ἐφίμερος ἁνίκ' ἀνίσχει,
τανίχ' ὁ θηρευτὰς ἐλάφως φιλεῖ ἐξανεγείρειν·
Ἅλιος ὡς φρύγει τὸ μεσαμβρινόν, ἦ τόκα γριπεὺς
ἄγκε' ἐπισπεύδει τῶς ἰχθύας ὥς κεν ἀγρεύσῃ·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ὥραν κεν ἑλοίμαν ἀκροκνέφαιον,
νυκτὸς ἐφερποίσας· τόσσον κραδίαν τόκ' ἰαίνει
τίν, τὸ φίλον μελίμαλον, ἐπὶ λειμῶνος ὑπαντᾶν.

A. P.

## XLI.

### BEATRICE.

I do entreat you, go not, noble guests;
What, although tyranny and impious hate
Stand sheltered by a father's hoary hair:
What, if 'tis he who clothed us in these limbs
Who tortures them, and triumphs? What, if we,
The desolate and the dead, were his own flesh,
His children and his wife, whom he is bound
To love and shelter? Shall we therefore find
No refuge in this merciless wide world?
Oh, think what deep wrongs must have blotted out
First love, then reverence in a child's prone mind,
Till it thus vanquish shame and fear! Oh think!
I have borne much, and kissed the sacred hand
Which crushed us to the earth, and thought its stroke
Was perhaps some paternal chastisement!

## XLI.

### ΠΑΙΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΥ.

Μὴ δῆτ' ἀποστραφῆτε, γενναῖοι ξένοι·
εἰ καὶ πατρὸς μέν ἐστι λευκανθὲς κάρα
ὕβριν στεγάζον κἀσεβέστατον στύγος,
αὐτός θ' ὁ παισὶ δοὺς ἐνοικῆσαι μέλη
στρεβλοῖ γεγηθώς, καί, χρεὼν φίλους φίλον
τοὺς ἐν γένει μάλιστά γ' ἐκσώζειν κακῶν,
ἄλοχόν τε παῖδάς θ', οἱ μὲν εἰσὶν οὐκέτι,
οἱ δ' ἄμορον ἐκτρίβουσιν ἄθλιοι βίον—
πρὸς ταῦτα πᾶς τέθνηκεν οἶκτος ἐκ βροτῶν,
οὐδ' ἔστ' ἐρήμοις εἷς ὑπ' αἰθέρος λιμήν;
ἐπεὶ λογίζεσθ' οἷα δὴ παθεῖν μ' ἔδει
πρίν, παῖδά γ' οὖσαν, ἐκβαλεῖν στοργὴν πατρός,
ἔπειτα δ' αἰδῶ, κἀς τόδ' ἐξελθεῖν θράσους.
κοὔ φημ' ἀτλητεῖν· οὐ 'φίλησα γὰρ χέρα,
τὴν δεινὰ μὲν σκήψασαν εὔσεπτον δ' ὅμως,
ὡς σωφρονίζοντός γέ μ' ἐνδίκως πατρός;

Have excused much, doubted; and when no doubt
Remained, have sought by patience, love, and tears
To soften him, and when this could not be
I have knelt down through the long sleepless nights
And lifted up to God, the Father of all,
Passionate prayers: and when these were not heard,
I have still borne,—until I meet you here,
Princes and kinsmen, at this hideous feast,
Given at my brothers' deaths.

SHELLEY, *The Cenci*, I., 3.

καὶ πολλὰ καλλύνουσα, πόλλ', ἕως ἐνῆν,
παρῆκ' ἄπιστα· κᾆτ' ἐκαρτέρουν ἔτι
στοργῇ τε δάκρυσί τ' εἴ τι μαλθάσσοι κέαρ·
τυχοῦσα δ' οὐδὲν ἄντομαι λιταῖς θεὸν
τὸν πᾶσι κοινὸν πατέρα παννύχοις σφόδρα,
ἀλκῆς ἄμοιρος· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτλην, ἕως
νῦν δαιτὶ τῇδ', ἄνακτες ἐγγενεῖς, κακῇ
πάρειμ' ἀδελφῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ἐπ' ἐκφοραῖς.

G. R. W.

## XLII.

### MANOA.

Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged—hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds: to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

## XLII.

### ΜΑΝΩΑΣ.

Ἅλις γόων· οὐ νῦν γὰρ οἰμώζειν ἀκμή,
οὐδ᾽ οὖν δίκαιον, ὡς ὅδ᾽ οἷος ἦν φύσει
τοῖος πέφανται, κἀκτελευτήσας βίον
καλὸν καλῶς ἐχθροῖσί τ᾽ ἐκπράξας τίσιν
τὴν ἐσχάτην, λέλοιπεν αἰανεῖς δύας,
πικρόν τ᾽ ὀδυρμὸν γῆς Φιλιστίας διὰ
τοῖς Καφθορείοις πᾶσιν· οἰκείοισι δὲ
τιμὴν ἀπαλλαγήν τε τῶνδε δεσμάτων
εἴπερ γε καιρὸν τόνδε τολμῶσιν λαβεῖν.
αὑτῷ δὲ δόξαν πατρίῳ τε δώματι
λέλοιπ᾽ ἀγήρων· πάντα δ᾽ εἴργασται τάδε,
ὃ κρεῖσσόν ἐστιν εὐτυχέστερόν τ᾽ ἔτι,
οὐχ, ὥσπερ ἡμῖν ἦν φόβος, θεῶν ἄτερ,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐς τελευτὴν σὺν θεοῖς συνεργάταις.

M. E. T.

## XLIII.

### PHÆDRA.

O women, O sweet people of this land,
O goodly city and pleasant ways thereof,
And woods with pasturing grass and great well-heads,
And hills with light and night between your leaves,
And winds with sound and silence in your lips,
And earth and water and all immortal things,
I take you to my witness what I am.
There is a god about me like as fire,
Sprung whence, who knoweth, or hath heart to say?
A god more strong than whom slain beasts can soothe
Or honey, or any spilth of blood-like wine,
Nor shall one please him with a whitened brow
Nor wheat nor wool nor aught of plaited leaf.
For like my mother am I stung and slain,
And round my cheeks have such red malady,
And on my lips such fire and foam as hers.

SWINBURNE, *Phædra.*

# XLIII.

## ΦΑΙΔΡΑ.

Ταύτης γυναῖκες εὐμενεῖς τ᾽ ἀστοὶ χθονός,
τερπναί τ᾽ ἀγυιαὶ καλλιπυργώτου πόλεως·
ὦ δένδρα κρουνῶν νάμασιν περιπτυχῆ
πολλῶν ῥεόντων καὶ νομαῖς βοσκημάτων·
ὦ χθὼν ὀρεινὴ φῶς κατηρεφῶν διαὶ
φύλλων σκιάν τ᾽ ἔχουσα· σιγῶσαι θαμὰ
πνοαὶ στένουσαι δ᾽ ἀντίφων᾽, ὑμᾶς καλῶ,
ὕδωρ τε καὶ γῆ, πάντα τἀγήρῳ φύσει—
ξυμμαρτυρεῖθ᾽ ὁποῖα νῦν πάσχω κακά.
καὶ γάρ με δαίμων ὡς πυρὸς σέλας φλέγει,
πόθεν δ᾽ ἔβη τίς οἶδεν ἢ τολμᾷ λέγειν;
ὃν οὐ μελισσῶν στάγματ᾽, οὐ μήλων σφαγαὶ
θέλξαι σθένουσ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἐρυθρὸν ἀμπέλου γάνος·
οὐδεὶς δ᾽ ἀρέσκει τῷδε λευκαίνων κάρα,
οὐ φύλλα πλέκτ᾽, οὐ πέλανον, οὐ μαλλὸν φέρων—
μητρὸς δίκην γὰρ οἰστροπλὴξ ἀπόλλυμαι,
κἀφιζάνει παρῇσι πυρσώδης νόσος
κείνῃ θ᾽ ὁμοίως πῦρ τ᾽ ἀφρός τε χείλεσιν.

G. R. W.

## XLIV.

## CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The tide may bear me far,
I hope to meet my pilot face to face,
  When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON.

## XLIV.

### ΒΙΟΥ ΔΥΝΤΟΣ ΑΥΓΑΙ.

Ἠέλιος δύσαιτ᾽, ἐπὶ δ᾽ Ἕσπερος ἐξανατέλλων
  εἴη, ἴοι δὲ τορὸν φθέγμα καλοῦντος ἐμέ·
σιγῴη στόνος ὀξὺς ἐπ᾽ ἠϊόνεσσι θαλάσσης,
  εὖτ᾽ ἀνάγωμαι ἐγὼ τὸν θανατόνδε πλόον.
κῦμα δ᾽ ἄτερθεν ἀφροῦ κινούμενον οἷον ἐν ὕπνῳ
  πληθῦόν μ᾽ ἀπὸ γῆς ἄψοφον εὐθὺ φέροι,
εὖτε τόδ᾽ ὅττι πέρ εἰμι παλίντροπον, ἔνθεν ἀπ᾽ ἀρχῆς
  οἴκοθεν ἠρύσθην, ἄσπετον εἶσι βυθόν.
Ἠέλιος δύσαιτο καὶ ἑσπερίη λιγὺ κώδων
  φωνείτω, σκοτίης ἄγγελος ἐρχομένης,
πλοῖον δ᾽ ἀμβαίνοντ᾽ ἀποπέμψαθ᾽ ἕκηλον ἕκηλοι,
  μήτε δακρύοντες μήτ᾽ ὀλοφυρόμενοι.
ἐκ γὰρ τοῦδε χρόνου πεπερασμένου, οὐκ ἀπεράντου,
  ἐκ δέ κε τοῦδε τόπου τηλόσε κῦμα φέροι,
τοῦ δὲ κυβερνήσαντος ἐναργέος ἀντιβολήσειν
  ἐλπίζω, λιμένος βηλὸν ἀμειψάμενος.

A. W. M.

## XLV.

## MESSENGER.

Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold.
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

## XLV.

### ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

*Χρεία μ᾽ ἐπῆγεν ὄρθριον τήνδ᾽ ἐς πόλιν·*
*πύλας περῶντι δ᾽ ἀντολαῖς ἅμ᾽ ἡλίου*
*κήρυγμ᾽ ἵησι πανταχῇ χαλκόστομον*
*σάλπιγξ προφαῖνον δαῖτα καὶ πανήγυριν.*
*καὶ παῦρα πράξας εἶτα τὴν μίαν γ᾽ ὁμοῦ*
*θρυλουμένην ἅπασιν ἔκλυον φάτιν,*
*ὅπως ὁ Σάμψων τῇδ᾽ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ λυθεὶς*
*ἥξει παρ᾽ ὄψιν ὡς ἀγωνιούμενος*
*δώσων τ᾽ ἐν ἄθλοις καρτεροῦ πεῖραν σθένους.*
*κἀγὼ τὸν αἰχμάλωτον οἰκτίζων, ὅμως*
*τοιαῦτ᾽ ἔμελλον εἰσορᾶν θεάματα.*
*οἴκημα δ᾽ ἦν μὲν εὐρύ, πρὸς δὲ θάτερον*
*ὡς ἡμίκυκλον, ἐς δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑψηλῷ στέγη*
*στύλῳ τὰ κοῖλ᾽ ἤρειδε, γεννάδαις ὅπου*
*ἵζουσιν ἑξῆς ὥς τις εἶχεν ἀξίας*
*παρῆν θεωρεῖν. ἐκ δ᾽ ἐναντίας δόμος*
*ἦν ἀστέγαστος ἔνθα που μετάρσιον*
*ὄχθαις τὸ πλῆθος καὶ ξύλοις ὑπαιθρίοις*
*σταίη, θεωρὸς οἷς ξυνὼν ἐλάνθανον.*
*θοίνη δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ἤκμαζε πρὸς μεσημβρίαν,*
*ὡς δ᾽ ἱέρ᾽ ἔθυσαν, ἵλεῳ τ᾽ εὐωχίας*
*οἴνου τε πλήρεις, εἶτα τῶν ἄθλων μέλει.*

J. A. S.

## XLVI.

## THE BASTARD, KING JOHN.

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
KING. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
BAST. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en away.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, V., 1.

## XLVI.

### ΝΟΘΟΣ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

ΝΟΘ. Ἡ πᾶσ' ἀφέστηκ' Ἀτθίς, οὔτι δ' ἀντέχει
πλὴν Σούνιόν γε, τὸν δ' ἄνακτα σὺν στρατῷ
πόλις δέδεκται πρευμενοῦς ξένου δίκην.
πρόμοι δ' ἀπῆλθον, σοὶ μὲν οὐ κατήκοοι,
ἐχθρῷ δ' ἀρωγὴν ὡς παρέξοντες σέθεν·
ἤδη δὲ παῦρον τῶν φίλων ὁμιλίαν
φοιτῶν ταράσσει θάμβος αἰωρουμένων.
ΒΑΣ. οὐδ' αὖ προσελθεῖν ἠθέλησάν μοι πάλιν
πρόμοι μαθόντες ὡς ὁ παῖς ἔτι βλέπει;
ΝΟΘ. θανόντα γάρ νιν εὗρον, ἐκβεβλημένον
ψυχῆς τε θήκην ὥσπερ ἀγλαΐσματος
κενήν, ὃ καταράτῳ τις ἥρπασεν χερί.

M. E. T.

## XLVII.

## SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

C. G. Rossetti.

## XLVII.

### ΛΗΘΗΣ ΔΟΜΟΙ.

Εὖτε, φίλη, τὸν ὀφειλόμενον κοιμήσομαι ὕπνον,
  αἴλινα μὴ λιγέως ᾆδ' ὀλοφυρομένη,
μήτι ῥόδα στήλαισι χαρίζεο, μὴ κυπαρίσσου
  ἐνθάδ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἀμφιχέοιτο χλόη,
ἀλλ' ὄμβροισι βρέχοιτο πόη, θαλεραῖς τε δρόσοισι,
  εἴτ' ἐμοῦ εἴτ' ἄρα μὴ μνῆστιν ἔχοις σὺ πόθου.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ δνοφερὸν κνέφας ὄψομαι, οὐκέτι νύκτα,
  οὐ ῥιπὴν φρίξω χειμερίων ψεκάδων,
οὐδέ μ' ἀηδονίδος πανοδύρτου θρῆνος ἐφέρψει
  θέλκτρα τιν' ὡς ἀχέων ἧκα μινυρομένης,
ἀλλ' ἀπεράντου ὁμιλήσω διὰ νυκτὸς ὀνείροις,
  εἴτε σέθεν μνήμων εἴτ' ἐπιλησάμενος.

J. F.

## XLVIII.

## CASSIUS.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar: so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink".

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, I., 2.

# XLVIII.

## ΚΑΣΣΙΟΣ.

*Σοὶ μέν τε κἄλλοις ποῖον ἀνθρώπων βίος*
*δοκεῖ ποτ', οὐδὲν οἶδα· τοὐμὸν γοῦν μέρος*
*τὸ μηδ' ἔτι ζῆν ἐν λόγῳ ταὐτῷ νέμω*
*καὶ ζῶν ὅμοιον οἷός εἰμ' αὐτὸς τρέμειν.*
*ἐλευθέρῳ γὰρ οὐδὲ Καίσαρος γένει*
*ἥσσων ἐγώ τε καὶ σύ· σῶμά τ' ἐξ ἴσου*
*ἄμφω 'τράφημεν, χεῖμα καρτερεῖν τ' ἴσοι.*
*καὶ γὰρ πάλαι ποθ', ἡμέρᾳ δυσηνέμῳ,*
*θολερῷ ῥέουσα Θύμβρις ὡς κλυδωνίῳ*
*ἐδυσχέραινε κλῇθρα τῶν ὀχθῶν, τότε*
*ἁνὴρ τάδ' εἶπεν· ἆρα τολμήσεις ἐμοὶ*
*θορεῖν ὁμοῦ θύουσαν ἐς πλημμυρίδα*
*κἀκεῖσε νήχειν; καὶ κλύων παραυτίκα*
*εἰσηλάμην ὡς εἶχον ἐσκευασμένος*
*κἄνωγ' ἑπέσθαι· πείθεται δ' ἑκούσιος.*
*ἐνταῦθα δ' ἡμῖν ῥεῦμα πρὸς βρυχώμενον*
*πάλαισμ' ἔκειτο καὶ σθένει βραχιόνων*
*καὶ δυσμάχοις στέρνοισιν ἀντετείνομεν·*
*πρὶν δ' εἰσαφῖχθαι τέρμα πρὸς τεταγμένον*
*ἐβόησ', ἄρηξον, κῦμα μή με ποντίσῃ.*

A. P.

## XLIX.

### ARBACES, MARDONIUS.

ARB. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground,
Within his whole realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering? Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,
By this sole arm, propp'd by divinity:
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

MAR. Indeed, this is none!

## XLIX.

### ΑΡΒΑΚΗΣ, ΜΑΡΔΟΝΙΟΣ.

ΑΡΒ. Κόμπων ἔμοιγε δεῖ τι; γῆν μαρτύρομαι.
ἆρ' οὐχ' ὅδ' αἰχμάλωτος ἀγγέλλει τορῶς
τὴν τοῦδε δόξαν οἷά τ' ἐξεπραξάμην
τὴν πατρίδ' αὐτοῦ; κόμπον ἆρα δεῖ λακεῖν;
ἆρ' οὐχὶ τοῦδε πατρίδος ἐσχάτους μυχοὺς
ἐγὼ διῆλθον σὺν τύχῃ νικηφόρῳ;
πᾶς οὖν ἀπέστω κόμπος· ἀνθρώποις γε μὴν
ἦν πᾶσιν εἰπεῖν ὡς πάτραν τ' ἀνάστατον
τὴν τοῦδ' ἔθηκα τῇδε δεξίᾳ μόνῃ
σὺν θεοῖς γε συμμάχοισι, καὶ δόξης ἅμα
ἐνόσφισ' αὐτόν, τῶν νεανιῶν δ' ἔχω
Ἅιδου προπέμψας ἄνθος οἰκῆσαι δόμον,
κόρας ἐρώντων ὥστε τήκεσθαι πόθῳ.
τάδ' οὖν λέγειν ἦν εἴ τι κομπάζειν μ' ἔδει,
ἀλλ' ᾧπερ ἔστι σωφρονεῖν τοὺς πλησίον
βίᾳ διδάσκειν, κόμπος οὐ πρέπει κενός.
ΜΑΡ. καὶ πῶς ποτ' ἄν τις τῶνδε κομπάζοι πλέον;

ARB. Tigranes, no: did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

MAR. So you do.

ARB. But he shall wrong me and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *A King and no King*, I., 1.

ΑΡΒ. οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ θέλοντος ἐξ ἄλλων τρόπου
ὅσ' ἐξέπραξα πάντα δὴ στοιχηγορεῖν,
οὐ σμικρόν, ἴσθ', ἂν θαῦμα τὸν κλύοντ' ἔχοι.
ΜΑΡ. κἀξ ὧν τανῦν γ' ἔλεξεν ἐκπλήξας μ' ἔχει.
ΑΡΒ. ὅστις τε κομπεῖν μ' οἴεται κεῖνον λέγω
κατηγοροῦντα ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ ψευδοστομεῖν.

J. F.

## L.

### "LIFE IS ONE."

Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice:
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column: "Thus the King's will is:—
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat: but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life, nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Men and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

E. Arnold, *Light of Asia*, Book V.

## L.

### ΑΠΥΡΑ ΙΕΡΑ.

*Ἀλλ᾽ εὐμενείᾳ ταῦτα νουθετούμενοι*
*οὕτω ᾽δάμησαν δείν᾽ ὑφερπούσῃ φρένας,*
*βωμοῖσιν ὥστ᾽ ἐνταῦθ᾽ ἀπέσβεσαν φλόγας*
*ἱερεῖς, ἀπέρριψάν τε πολύθυτον ξίφος.*
*τῇ δ᾽ αὔριον κήρυκες ἀστοῖσιν τάδε*
*τοῖς πᾶσιν ἀγγέλλουσι, τὰν πέτραις τε καὶ*
*στήλαις γεγραμμέν᾽· ὧδε κηρύξας ἔχει*
*ἄναξ· ἐπεί ᾽στι θυστάδας βοτῶν πάλαι*
*σφαγὰς ποιεῖσθαι νόμιμα κἀσθίειν κρέας,*
*νῦν σαρκὸς ἔστω μήτε γεύεσθαι θέμις*
*μήτ᾽ αὖ θανάσιμον μηδέν᾽ αἷμ᾽ ἐκχεῖν, ἐπεὶ*
*γνώμη προκόπτει σὺν χρόνῳ βροτῶν γένει,*
*ζωήν θ᾽ ὁρῶμεν πᾶσι θρέμμασιν μίαν,*
*φιλεῖ δ᾽ ὃς οἰκτείρῃ ποτ᾽ οἰκτιρμοῦ τυχεῖν.*
*προεῖπεν οὕτως· πάντα δ᾽ εἰρήνης χαρὰ*
*τοὐντεῦθεν αὐξηθεῖσα τῶν ζῴων γένη*
*θέλγει, πρόσοιχ᾽ ὅσ᾽ ἐστι τοῦ σεπτοῦ ῥέους*
*ὄχθαισιν, ὄρνεις ὅσα θ᾽ ὑπηρετεῖ βροτοῖς*
*βοσκήματ᾽ αὐτούς θ᾽, οὗ ποθ᾽ Ἡγήτωρ πλέως*
*οἴκτου ᾽δίδασκεν ἵλεῳ κηλῶν λόγῳ.*

G. R. W.

## LI.

## THE SILENT VOICES.

When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

TENNYSON.

## LI.

### ΦΩΝΑΙ ΑΦΩΝΟΙ.

Ὥρα δὲ τοὐμὸν ὅταν ὀνειράτων στρατῷ
μελαγχίτων ἄναυδος ἀμφέπῃ λέχος,
μή μ᾽ ἐγκονοῦντ᾽ ἐπίσχετ᾽, ὦ προσφθέγματα
ἄφωνα προσφωνοῦντα τῶν ὀλωλότων,
ὁδοὺς ταπεινὰς ὥστε προσβλέψαι πάλιν
τήν τ᾽ οὐκέθ᾽ ἡμῖν οὖσαν ἡλίου φλόγα,
ἀλλ᾽ εἰς ἐκείνην μᾶλλον ἐξηγεῖσθέ μοι
ὁδὸν κελεύθων τῶνδε τὴν ὑπερτελῆ,
ἄστροισι μαρμαίρουσαν εἰσαεὶ πρόσω.

A. W. M.

## LII.

## ATALANTA.

Lo now, see
If one of all you these things vex at all.
Would God that any of you had all the praise,
And I no manner of memory when I die,
So might I show before her perfect eyes
Pure, whom I follow, a maiden to my death.—
But for the rest let all have all they will:
For is it a grief to you that I have part,
Being woman merely, in your male might and deeds
Done by main strength? Yet in my body is throned
As great a heart, and in my spirit, O men,
I have not less of godlike. Evil it were
That one a coward should mix with you, one hand
Fearful, one eye abase itself; and these
Well might ye hate and well revile, not me.

SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon.*

## LII.

### ΑΤΑΛΑΝΤΑ.

Εἰ δ' οὖν τις ὑμῶν δυσλόφως φέρει τάδε,
ἄροιτο πάντ' ἔπαινον ὅστις ἂν θέλῃ.
ἐγὼ δὲ πότμῳ κατθάνοιμ' ἀνωνύμῳ,
κείνης φανεῖσ' ὅσσοισι δεσποίνης ἐμῆς
ἁγνοῖσιν ἀδμὴς διατελοῦσ' ἔστ' ἂν θάνω.
τά δ' ἄλλ' ἕκαστος οἷα βούλεται φέροι.
ἦ γάρ τις ἀλγύνοιτ' ἂν ἐννοῶν ὅτι
ἔργων γυνή περ οὖσ' ἔχω κοινωνίαν,
ὁποῖ' ἐδράσατ' ἄνδρες ἀνδρείῳ σθένει;
ἀλλ' ἕζεται καὶ τῇδε καρδίαν θράσος,
ὦνδρες, μένει δ' ἰσόθεον ἐν φρεσίν τί μοι
οὐχ ἧσσον ὑμῶν. καὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀνεκτὸν εἰ
ὑμῖν συνείη τῶν βροτῶν δειλὸς φύσιν
εἷς, χεὶρ ἄναλκις, ὄμμ' ἀνανδρίαν βλέπον—
ταῦτ' ἐνδατοῖσθ' ἄν· τἀμὰ δ' ἔστ' ἐατέα.

J. A. S.

## LIII.

## ANIMULAE FUGACI.

[*On a Portrait.*]

Beautiful, unattainable and free,
This nymph, the Muses' and the Graces' child,
That of her arts the Cyprian had beguiled
Haunted the groves and streams of Arcady ;
Or by the caverns of the Western Sea
She meditated music, fierce or mild
While to the rhythm of ocean, calm or wild
Her soul attuned its passionate harmony.
And oft, beneath the pitiless eye of dawn,
The early shepherd, summoned by the shrill
Persuasive pipe of Pan, beside the rill
Halting his flock, 'twixt parted reeds would see
Her fugitive vision soon, too soon, withdrawn,
And count that moment immortality.

J. D. Symon.

## LIII.

### ΩΣ ΕΝ ΓΡΑΦΑΙΣ ΠΡΕΠΟΥΣΑ.

Ὦ σχῆμ᾽ ἄθικτον χαῖρε παρθένου καλῆς,
Χαρίτων φίλων τέκνωμα καὶ Μουσῶν θάλος·
σὺ γάρ ποτ᾽, οἶμαι, Κύπριδος θελκτήρια
κλέψασ᾽ ἔναιες ῥεύματ᾽ Ἀρκάδων χθονὸς
νάπας τε σεμνάς, ἢ ᾽πὶ τῶν Ἀτλαντικῶν
λιμνῶν ὑπ᾽ ἄντροις ποικίλ᾽ ὕφαινες μέλη,
τὰ μὲν προσᾄδοντ᾽ οἰδμάτων ῥυθμῷ, τὰ δὲ
λευκῇ γαλήνῃ καιρίως ἡρμοσμένα,
σαυτῆς ἐπ᾽ ἐντολαῖσι συντόνου φρενός.
καὶ πόλλ᾽, ἄνοικτον ὡς ἔλαμπ᾽ ὄρθρου σέλας,
ποιμήν τις αὐλῷ Πανὸς εὐπειθοῦς λιγεῖ
κληθεὶς πρὸς ἀγρούς, ποίμνιον ῥοαῖς πάρα
ἐπέσχεν ἡνίκ᾽ ἐν δόναξιν ἔβλεπε
φανὲν σὸν εἶδος, αἶψα δ᾽ ἠφανισμένον,
εὐθὺς δ᾽ ἰδὼν ἐπῄσθετ᾽ αὐτὸς ὢν θεός.

J. D. S.

## LIV.

## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it:
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows its loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. ARNOLD.

## LIV.

### ΤΥΦΛΗΣ ΥΠ' ἈΤΗΣ.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἀγρεὺς ἔαρος βάλεν αἰετὸν ὥρῃ,
θήλειαν, τὴν εὐνῇ ἐφεζομένην ἄρ' ἐφεῦρεν
λίμνῃ ἐν οὐρείῃ, νήσου ἐπὶ παιπαλοέσσης,
ἰῷ ἀναπτομένης κύρσας, κατὰ δ' ἴχνος ὀρούσας
ἕσπεθ' ὅπως κε λάβῃσιν ὅθι μάλα τῆλ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κάππεσεν· αὐτίχ' ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἄρσην πάλιν οἴκαδ' ἀπ' ἄγρης
νίσσεται ὑψιπέτης καὶ ἀπόπροθι πεπτηῶτας
ὀρταλίχους ἐνόησε μόνους· τότε δὴ πτέρυγ' ἔσχεν
ὀχθήσας, ὁρμὴν δ' ἅμ' ἐλάσσονι κύκλῳ ἐλαύνων,
δίνευσεν μὲν ὑπὲρ λέχεος, μάλα δ' ὀξέα κλάζων
νείκεσεν ἀγκαλέων ἄλοχον πάλιν· ἡ δ' ἄρα κεῖται
τηλόθι που θνήσκουσα νάπῃ ἔνι πετρηέσσῃ,
ἰὸν ἐνὶ πλευρῇσι πεπηγότα πικρὸν ἔχουσα,
ἀσπαίρουσα δὲ πᾶν ῥοιβδεῖ πτερόν, οὐδέ ποτ' αὖθις
λίμνῃ ὑπερπτομένης δέμας ἐμφανεῖ, οὐδ' ἔτι κλαγγὴν
σμερδαλέην μέλανές τε μυδῶντές θ' ὕδατι κρημνοὶ
ἀντηχεῖν μέλλουσιν ἐρεσσομένης πτερύγεσσιν
ὕστερον· αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἀγνοέων πάθος οἴκαδ' ἱκάνει
δύστηνος, τὸν δ' ἥ γ' ἑτέρη μάλ' ἔληθε θανοῦσα·
ὣς ὅ γε Θερσίλοχος τὸ ἑὸν πάθος οὐ ξυνέηκεν,
υἱεῖ δὲ θνήσκοντι παρίσταται οὐδέ μιν ἔγνω.

A. P.

## LV.

## SAMSON.

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on :
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw
The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet
With day spring born : here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me ; hence, with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease—

## LV.

### ΣΑΜΨΩΝ.

Ἐνθένδ᾽ ἔτ᾽, ὦ παῖ, σμικρὸν ἥγησαι πρόσω
γεροντανωγῷ χειρὶ τῷδε τῷ τυφλῷ.
κεῖνος γὰρ ὄχθος ἡλίου φλογός τ᾽ ἔχει
σκιᾶς θ᾽ ὁμοίως αἵρεσιν, νόμος δ᾽ ἐμοὶ
κάμπτειν ἐκεῖ κῶλ᾽, εὖτ᾽ ἀπαλλαγὴν τύχη
διδῷ τις ἡμῖν τοῦδε δουλείου πόνου
ὃν δὴ κατ᾽ ἦμαρ τῷδε δεσμωτηρίῳ
πέδαις δεθέντες ἐκπονεῖν τετάγμεθα.
καὶ γὰρ τὸν ἀέρ᾽ αὐτὸν ἐγκεκλῃμένον
ὑγρὸν δυσώδη θ᾽ ἑλκύσαι μόγις πάρα,
νοσερόν γε πνεῦμ᾽. ἀλλ᾽ ἔνθα γὰρ θέλκτρον πόνων,
ἄημ᾽ ἑῷον ἡδύπνουν Διὸς πάρα,
τέκνον, κάθιζέ μ᾽, ὥς τιν᾽ ἀναπνοὴν λάβω.
λεὼς γὰρ οὑνθάδ᾽, ἴσθι, τῇδ᾽ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
ἄγουσ᾽ ἑορτὴν τῷ θαλασσίῳ θεῷ,
μοχθεῖν δ᾽ ἐῶσιν οὐδέν᾽, ἄκοντες δ᾽ ὅμως
λύουσι κἀμέ, θεοῦ σεβίζοντες νόμον.

Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar where an offering burned,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence?

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

κἀγώ, μεθέντων δεσποτῶν, ἀφικόμην
ἐρημίαν ἐς τήνδε, δημόθρουν φυγὼν
βοήν, θέλων λυπῶν τιν' ἐξευρεῖν ἄκη,
τῶν σώματός γε, φρενὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν λύσις
πικρῶν μεριμνῶν αἵπερ, ἐν σφηκῶν τρόπῳ,
ὅταν μονώμεθ', εὐθὺς ἀθρόῳ στρατῷ
ὁρμῶσιν εἴς με, τοῦ δὲ πρὶν τερπνοῦ βίου
μνήμῃ προφαίνουσ' οἷος ἐξ οἵου κυρῶ.
τί δῆτα τἀμὰ δυστυχοῦς γεννήματα
καὶ δὶς προεῖπεν ἄγγελός ποτ' ἐκ θεῶν,
τέλος δὲ τοῖς τεκοῦσί μ', ἐμφανὴς βλέπειν,
βωμῶν ἐς αἰθέρ' ᾤχετ' ἐμπύρων ἄπο,
φλογωπὸν εἶδος ὡσπερεὶ θεῖον δέμας
ὄχοισι παμφλέκτοισι κουφίσας πέδον;

J. F.

## LVI.

## ON THE VERGE.

Shadows, would we question darkness? Ere our eyes and brows be fanned
Round with airs of twilight, washed with dews from sleep's eternal stream,
Would we know sleep's guarded secret? Ere the fire consume the brand,
Would it know if yet its ashes may requicken? Yet we deem
Surely man may know, or ever night unyoke her starry team,
What the dawn shall be, or if the dawn shall be not: yea, the scroll
Would we read of sleep's dark scripture, pledge of peace or doom of dole.
Ah, but here man's heart leaps, yearning toward the gloom with venturous glee,
Though his pilot eye behold nor bay nor harbour, rock nor shoal,
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea.

## LVI.

### ΙΣΜΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΟΥΔΕΝ ΤΡΑΝΕΣ ΑΛΛ' ΑΛΩΜΕΘΑ.

Πῶς σκιαί γε φύντες ἂν νύχθ' ἱστοροῖμεν; ἕσπερον
πρὶν βαλεῖν πνεῦμ' ἡμὶν ὄσσε καὶ μέτωπ' ἀειρρύτου
ἐξ ὕπνου ῥοῆς βραχέντα ταῖς δρόσοις, μυστήρια
ἆρ' ὕπνου κινεῖν θέλωμεν; δᾴς τε πρὶν φθίνειν φλογὶ
πῶς ἀπὸ σποδοῦ μάθοι ποτ' εἰ θάλος βλαστήσεται;
εἶτ' ἄρ' ἡμεῖς ἀστερωπὸν νύκτα πρὶν λῦσαι ζυγὸν
ἀξιοῦμεν ποῖον ἠὼς, εἰ δὲ μηδ' ἔσται, μαθεῖν,
τἄν τε ταῖς δέλτοισι νυκτὸς ποικίλως ᾐνιγμένα
πάντ' ἀναπτύξαντες εἴ τις πίστις εἰρήνης σκοπεῖν
εἴτ' ἄρ' ἡμῖν μοῖρ' ἔνεστιν ἀθλίας δυσπραξίας;
ἀλλὰ κινδύνων ἔρωτι κνισθὲν ὁρμᾶται κέαρ
κόλπον οὔθ' ὁρῶντος ὅρμον οὔτ' ἄρ' ἑρμάτων πέτρας
ἔνθεν οὐκέτ' ἔστι πόντου θίς τις ἀντικειμένη·

Friend, who knows if death indeed have life or life have
death for goal?
Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas declare nor skies
unroll
What has been from everlasting, or if aught shall alway
be.
Silence answering only strikes response reverberate on
the soul
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the
sea.

SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday.*

εἴτε γὰρ μοίρας βίος τέρμ᾿ εἴτε μοῖρα τοῦ βίου
τίς ποτ᾿ οἶδεν; οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ἡμέρας ἐκμανθάνειν
οὔτε νυκτὸς τίν᾿ ἀγένητα τίνα δὲ κᾀσαεὶ μενεῖ,
οὔτ᾿ ἂν οὐρανὸς τόδ᾿ οὔτε πόντος ἀγγέλλειν ἔχοι.
ἡ δὲ σιγὴ τῷ σκοποῦντι τοιάδ᾿ ἀντηχεῖ μόνη
ἔνθεν οὐκέτ᾿ ἔστι πόντου θίς τις ἀντικειμένη.

J. F.

## LVII.

## MANOA.

O miserable change! Is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renowned,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels' walked their streets,
None offering fight: who, single combatant,
Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,
Himself an army—now unequal match
To save himself against a coward armed
At one spear's length? O ever failing trust
In mortal strength! and, oh, what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good
Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I prayed for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,
And such a son as all men hailed me happy:
Who would be now a father in my stead?

## LVII.

### ΜΑΝΩΑΣ.

ΜΑΝ. Οἴμοι·
οἷον πρὶν ὄντα σ' οἷον εἰσορῶ τανῦν·
ὅδ' ἦν ἄρ' ἀνίκητος ἐν βροτοῖς ἀνὴρ
Σάμψων ὁ πᾶσι κλεινός, ἐχθροῖσιν φόβος,
ὅς δαίμοσιν σθένος ποτ' ἐξισούμενος
πόλεις ἐπεστρωφᾶτο πολεμίας πάλαι,
κοὐδεὶς ἔτλη πρὸς πεῖραν ἀνδρείας καλεῖν·
ὃς μοῦνος ὢν στρατοῖσι τῶν ἐναντίων
μάχην συνῆπτε πανσυδεὶ τεταγμένοις,
στρατῷ πάρος μὲν καὐτὸς ὢν ἀντίρροπος,
νῦν δ' οὐκ ἔχων ἔτ' ἀνταμύνεσθαι βίᾳ,
οὐδ' ἢν ἀνήρ τις συμβάλῃ 'ξωπλισμένος
δειλός περ ὢν ξύμμετρος ὡς τύπτειν ξίφει.
ἰὼ σθένος βρότειον, ἦσθ' ἄρ' ἐμφανῶς
ἐς πίστιν ἀστάθμητον, ἀνθρώποις τί δ' οὐ
κενόν τε κἀπατηλόν, ἢ τί σύμφορον
λιταῖσιν εὐκτὸν ἡμὶν οὐ παλιντρόπῳ
τύχῃ βίου πέφηνε λυμαντήριον;
παῖδας γὰρ ᾔτουν τοὺς θεοὺς, ἀπαιδίαν
ἄγων ὄνειδος, εἶτ' ἐπεὶ τέκνου 'τυχον
εὐδαιμόνιζέ μ' οἷον ἐκφύσαντα πᾶς,
τίς σήμερον γένοιτ' ἂν ἀντ' ἐμοῦ πατήρ;

Oh, wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?
Why are His gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
Ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select and sacred? glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

ἔα·
τί λιπαροῦντί μοι τόδ' ὤπασεν θεὸς
ὥσπερ χάριν δὴ προστιθεὶς ὄγκον πολύν;
τί δ' αὖ πέφυκε δῶρα κεῖν' ἐφίμερα
βροτοῖσιν οἷ' αἰτητὰ σὺν σπουδῇ λιτῶν
δοθέντ' ἔπειτα χάριτες ὣς σεμνῇ χερὶ
ἄτην ὁμοῦ λαθραῖον εἰσάγει δόμους;
τούτου γ' ἕκατι καὶ δὶς οὐκ θεοῦ σταλεὶς
κῆρυξ κατελθὼν σὴν ἐφήγνισεν τροφὴν
ἐξαιρέτου δῆθ' οἷα καὶ σεμνοῦ φυτοῦ
λαμπροῦ τὰ πρῶτα, θαῦμα τοῖς βροτοῖς ἰδεῖν,
ὥστ' ἐν ταχείᾳ τῆς τύχης μεταλλαγῇ
δόλοισιν ἡσσηθέντα, δεδεμένον βίᾳ,
ἐχθρῶν γέλωτα, τυφλὸν εἰσπεσεῖν ποτε
συνεργάτην δούλοισι δεσμωτήριον;
οὔτοι δοκεῖν ἔμοιγε τὸν θεὸν πρέπει,
ἣν ὅν γ' ἅπαξ ἐξεῖλε παντίμοις ἐπὶ
ἔργοισιν εἶτ' ἀνθρώπιν' ἀμπλάκῃ σφαλείς,
τοσαῦθ' ὑβρίζειν, οὐδὲ μὴν δούλου τρόπον
τοσοῦτ' ἐᾶν ὄνειδος αἰκίας λαχεῖν,
αἰδῶ γ' ἔχοντα τῶν πρὶν ἠριστευμένων.

A. P.

## LVIII.

## CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink".

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, I., 2.

## LVIII.

### ΚΑΣΣΙΟΣ.

ΚΑ. Ὃ δ' οὖν δοκεῖ σοι τοῦδε τοῦ βίου πέρι
οὐκ οἶδ', ἐγὼ δὲ φέρτερον λέγω πολὺ
ἄφαντον οἰχνεῖν ἢ βιοῦν φοβούμενον
τοῦτον τὸν οὐδὲν ὄντ' ἐμοῦ βελτίονα.
ἆρ' οὐκ ἐλεύθεροί τε κἀξ ἐλευθέρων
ἔφυμεν ἡμεῖς ἐξ ἴσου τῷ Καίσαρι,
τροφήν θ' ὁμοίαν ἔσχομεν φύσιν τ' ἴσην
κρυμὸν σθένουσαν καρτερεῖν δυσχείμερον;
πνοαῖς γὰρ ἦν ποθ' ἡμέρα δυσήνεμος,
θολερὰ ῥέουσα Θύμβρις ὡς ὄχθας κλονεῖ.
ὁ δ' οὖν ἔφη μοι, πεῖραν ἀνδρείας προθείς,
ἄγριον προεὶς σεαυτὸν εἰς κλυδώνιον
πρῶν' εἰς ἐκεῖνον ἀνταγώνισαι νέων.
κἀγὼ κλύων, ὡς εἶχον ἐξωπλισμένος
ἐνηλάμην ἅμ' αὐτὸν ὀτρύνας λόγῳ.
καὶ δὴ συνέσπετ' εἰς ῥόον βρυχώμενον.
κἀνταῦθα νεύροις ἀλκίμοις πλημμυρίδα
βιαζόμεσθα, στήθεσίν τε δυσμάχοις
ἐγκαρτεροῦμεν, ἀλλὰ πρὶν πέρας μολεῖν,
ἄρηξον, ὦ φίλ', ἀναβοᾷ, διόλλυμαι.

J. L. M.

## LIX.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had low'r'd,
  And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-power'd,
  The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
  By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
  And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
  Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
  To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
  In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
  And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

## LIX.

### ΔΙΑ ΠΡΙΣΤΟΥ ΕΛΕΦΑΝΤΟΣ.

Ἔνθα μάχης παῦλαν σαλπίγξαμεν· ὤρνυτο γὰρ νύξ,
  ἄστρα τε νυκτερινὴν στήσατ' ἄνω φυλακήν,
πάμπολλοι δ' ἅμ' ἔκειντο λιασθέντες προτὶ γαίῃ,
  εὗδε δ' ὁ κεκμηώς, θνῇσκε δ' ὁ τραυματίας.
τηνίκα κεκλιμένῳ φαύλης ἐπὶ κοίτῃ ἐρείκης,
  φρυκτὸς ὅπου νεκύων ὠμὸν ἀπεῖργε λύκον,
τερψίνοόν μοι ὄναρ μέσσην κατὰ νύκτα παρέστη,
  τρὶς δὲ πρὶν ἀντέλλειν ἥλιον αὖθις ἴδον.
καὶ πολέμου γὰρ ἔοικα καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊοτῆτος
  τηλόσ' ἀποπλαγχθεὶς οἰόβατον καθ' ὁδόν,
ἕστηκεν δ' ἄρ' ὀπώρα, ὁ δ' ἥλιος οἶμον ἔλαμπεν
  δῶμ' ἐπὶ πατρῷον παῖδα ποθεινὸν ἄγων.
ὡρμήθην μὲν ἔπειτα ταχὺς χαρίεντας ἐπ' ἀγροὺς
  τοὺς θαλέθων ἥβης ἄνθος ἐπεστρεφόμην,
σὺν δ' αἰγῶν ἀν' ὄρη κλύον ἀζηχὲς μεμακυιῶν,
  καί με θεριστήρων τερπνὸν ἔσαινε μέλος.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
  From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
  And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us! rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
  (And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay);
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
  And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

CAMPBELL.

*ἔνθα δὲ προὐπίομεν, πρόφρων δὲ καὶ ὅρκον ὄμοσσα*
*μή ποτε δῶμα λιπεῖν μυρομένους τε φίλους·*
*μυριάκις με κύνει καὶ μυριάκις φίλα τέκνα,*
*ἥ τε γυνὴ κραδίην κλαῖε τακεῖσα φίλην.*
*ὦ φίλε, καὶ μάλα γάρ σε μάχαι τείρουσι, πέπαυσο·*
*ὣς φάσαν, οὐδ' ἀπιθεῖν μέλλον ὁ τρυχόμενος,*
*ἄψ δ' ἐπανῆλθ' Ἠώς, σὺν ἐμοὶ δ' ἅμα μυρίον ἄλγος,*
*καὶ φανὲν ὀφθαλμοῖς ᾤχετ' ἄφαντον ὄναρ.*

Α. Ρ.

## LX.

### ARETHUSA, BELLARIO.

ARE. Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou would'st hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

BEL. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Philaster*, III., 2.

## LX.

### ΑΡΕΘΟΥΣΑ, ΒΕΛΛΑΡΙΩΝ.

ΑΡ. Ὦ λῆμ' ὕπουλον, ὧν γὰρ ἄφθογγον βρέφος
ἐν σπαργάνοις ἔδειξας αἱμύλον τρόπον,
εὐήθεσιν φὺς πῆμα μηχανορράφον.
αὐχεῖτε δὴ σὺ δεσπότης τε σός, κόρη
εἴπερ διώλεθ' ἥδε Κύπριδος χόλῳ
πόθῳ τε κλεφθεῖσ', ἀλλ' ἐπίφθονον φάτιν
ἕξει κράτος τοιοῦτο κοὐ δόξαν τινά
ἄπελθε δή μοι—καί σ' ἔχρην αἰδοῦς ὕπο—
εἶξας γ' ἐμοῖς λόγοισιν. εἰ γὰρ ᾐσθάνου
οἷ' ἔργ' ὑπέστης οἷά τ' εἴργασαι κακά,
ἔκρυψας ἂν σῶμ' ἀσπέτου γαίας κάτω,
ὡς μηδ' ἐρευνῶν τίς ποτ' ἐξεύροι βροτῶν.
ΒΕ. οἴμοι, θεῶν τίς δυσφορῶν βροτῶν γένει
πασῶν ἐφῆκεν εὐγενεστάταις φρεσὶ
καινὸν νόσημα τοῦτ'; ἐπεὶ προσθεῖσ' ἄχη
φέρεις σταλάγματ' εἰς μέγαν πόντου βυθόν,
ὃς οὔτι τοῖσδε μᾶλλον αὔξεσθαι δοκεῖ.
ὀργῇ δ' ἄνακτος διὰ φρενῶν πεπληγμένῳ
τοὐνθένδ' ὄλωλε πᾶσά μοι βίου χάρις.
ὥστ' οὐκ ἐλαύνειν χρή σε τόνδ' ὁρμώμενον.
χαίρειν κελεύσας σ' εἶμι τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον.

J. L. M.

## LXI.

### THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou would'st betray me for the precious hilt:
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

TENNYSON.

## LXI.

### ΑΡΤΟΥΡΟΣ ΑΠΟΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΟΣ.

Ὧι δὴ χολωθεὶς ὧδ' ἄναξ ἠμείβετο·
ὦ μῖσος, ὦ κακῷ τε κἀπίστῳ τρόπῳ
προδότῃ μὲν ἀλλ' οὐκ εὐγενεῖ προσεικότι
σαφῶς φανεὶς σύνοικος, ἐξολεῖς μ' ἄρα.
ἦ κοιράνῳ θνῄσκοντι συνθνῄσκει σέβας,
τητωμένῳ τοῦ πρόσθεν ὀμμάτων κράτους
πάντων ὃ λῆμ' ἔκαμπτεν· οὔ με λανθάνεις·
σὺ γὰρ μόνος δὴ τῶν ἐμῶν λελειμμένος,
ὃν ἀνθ' ἁπάντων πάντα χρῆν ὑπηρετεῖν,
τόνδ' ἂν προδοίης τιμίας κώπης χάριν·
ἤτοι ποθῶν γε χρυσὸν ἢ κόρης τρόπον
χλιδῆς ματαίας ὀμμάτων ἡσσώμενος.
ἀλλ' ἔστι γὰρ δὶς τοῦ δέοντος ἀμπλακεῖν
τρίτον δ' ἀνορθοῦν σφάλματ', ἔρρε τοὐπίσω·
ἢν δ' αὖ σὺ μηδ' ὣς φάσγανον ῥίψαι θέλῃς,
αὐτός σ' ἀναστὰς τῇδε νοσφιῶ χερί.

A. P.

## LXII.

### CIPRIANO, LUCIFER.

CIPR. And you have travell'd much?
LUC. Ay, little else,
One may say, since I came into the world
Than going up and down it: visiting
As many men and cities as Ulysses,
From first his leaving Troy without her crown,
Along the charmèd coasts he pass'd, with all
The Polyphemes and Circes in the way,
Right to the pillars where his ship went down. . . .
CIPR. One place, however, where Ulysses was,
I think you have not been to—where he saw
Those he left dead upon the fields of Troy
Come one by one to lap the bowl of blood
Set for them in the fields of Asphodel.
LUC. Humph!—as to that, a voyage which if all
Must take, less need to brag of; or perchance
Ulysses, or his poet, apt to err
About the people and their doings there—

## LXII.

### ΚΥΠΡΙΑΝΟΣ, ΠΛΟΥΤΩΝ.

ΚΥΠ. Ἦ καὶ σὺ πολλοὺς γῆς ὅρους ἐπήλυθες;
ΠΛΟΥΤ. καὶ κάρτ', ἐπεὶ οὐδὲν ἄλλο γ', ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος,
ποιῶ πονῶν ἐξ οὗπερ εἰς ζῶντας τελῶ
ἢ γαῖαν ἐκ γῆς αἰὲν ἀλλάξαι μολών,
ὥστ' οὐδ' Ὀδυσσεὺς πλείονας βροτῶν πόλεις
παρῆλθ', ὅτ' Ἴλιόν ποτ' ἀποκεκαρμένον
πύργους λιπών, Κύκλωπα Σειρῆνάς θ' ὁμοῦ
καὶ τοὺς τοιούτους εἶδε, καὶ Κίρκης δόμον
ἠμείβετ' εἰς τὼ Κίον', ἔνθ' ἔδυ σκάφος.
ΚΥΠ. χῶρός γε μήν τις ἔστιν οὗ κεῖνος παρῆν
ἄβατος δέ πού σοί γ'· εἶδε γὰρ φίλων στόλον,
οὓς ἔλαβε θάνατος ἐν πέδῳ Τροίας ποτέ,
λειμῶν' ἰόντ' ἀν' ἀσφοδελόν, ἵν' ἦν λέβης
ἑξῆς θ' ἕκαστος ἔπιεν αἵματος ῥοάς.
ΠΛΟΥΤ. ἀλλ' ἔστι γὰρ πρόχειρα τοῖς πᾶσιν βροτοῖς
εὖ πλεῖν ἐκεῖσ', ἥκιστα κομπάζειν χρεών.
τἀκεῖ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐσφάλη λέγων ἴσως,
οὓς οἷά τ' εἶδε δρῶντας, αὐτὸς αἴτιος

But let the wonders in the world below
Be what they may; enough in that above
For any sober curiosity,
Without one's diving down before one's time.

FITZGERALD, *The Mighty Magician*, I., 1.

εἴθ' ὃς τάδ' ᾔδεν· ἔστι μὲν τὰ γῆς κάτω
ὅπῃ ποτ' ἔστιν· ᾧ δὲ θαύματ' ἂν μέλῃ
ἅλις γε τἀνθάδ', εἴπερ οἶδε σωφρονεῖν,
οὐδ' ἂν θέλοι τις ζῶν μετοικῆσαι κάτω.

G. R. W.

## LXIII.

### ARBACES, MARDONIUS, BESSUS.

ARB. Away!
No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister: 'Tis a lye,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheathe it here;
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:
If she were ever, I create her none.
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with. I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now: Is that my sister?

MAR. Oh, this is fine!

BES. No, marry, she is not, an't please your majesty,
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.

ARB. No: 'tis true, she is not.

MAR. Thou should'st be hang'd.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *A King and no King*, III., 1.

## LXIII.

### ΑΡΒΑΚΗΣ, ΜΑΡΔΟΝΙΟΣ, ΒΗΣΣΟΣ.

ΑΡΒ. Οὐ σῖγ᾽ ἀνέξει θᾶσσον; ὡς τὸν ἄνδρ᾽ ἐγὼ
προδότην τέ φημι κἀπιβουλεύειν φόνον
αὐτῷ γ᾽ ἐμοί, γυναῖκα τήνδ᾽ ὃς ἀξιοῖ
ἐμὴν καλεῖν ὅμαιμον εἴτ᾽ εἶναι δοκεῖ.
ψεῦδος γὰρ εἶναί φημι, δυσμενέστατον
πάντων βροτοῖς ὅσ᾽ ἐστί, βασιλέως ἐμοῦ
πλασθὲν πρὸς ὀργήν· ὅστις οὖν ὁ δεύτερος
τοῦτ᾽ αὐτὸ ῥίψει, τοῦδ᾽ ἔσω στήθους ξίφος
σπάσας καλύπτοι, καὶ γὰρ οὐδὲν ἧσσονα
ξύγγνοιαν ἕξει κἂν τόδ᾽ ἐξαμαρτάνῃ.
ὡς οὔτ᾽ ἐμοὶ νῦν ἐστιν ἐν γένει γυνή,
οὐδ᾽ οὖν γένηται μήποτ᾽, εἰ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἦν ποτε,
ἀπαξιῶ νῦν· τίς δ᾽ ἐμοὶ τἀναντία
τολμᾷ παραινεῖν, ᾧ Ποσειδῶνος δίκην
κράτος τοιοῦτον ὥστε πείθεσθαι χρεὼν
καὶ μὴ ματαίαν εἰς ἔριν καθεστάναι;
ἀλλ᾽ ὡς ἔκρινα τήνδ᾽ ἐμοὶ πρὸς αἵματος
Σκύθαις προσήκειν τοῖσι βαρβάροις ἴσον,
φέρ᾽ εἰπὲ δὴ νῦν, ὅστις εὔτολμος πάνυ,
φῂς ἢ καταρνεῖ τήνδ᾽ ἐμὴν εἶναι κάσιν;

ΜΑΡ. ὡς εὐπρεπῶς δὴ πάντα καλλύνων λέγει.

ΒΗΣ. οὕτως ὀναίμην, ὡς τόδ᾽ οὔτε νῦν λέγω,
οὔτ᾽ οὖν πρίν, ὦναξ· ἔστι δ᾽ οὐδὲ προσφερής.

ΑΡΒ. ὀρθῶς ἔλεξας. ΜΑΡ. ἄξι᾽ ἀγχόνης μὲν οὖν.

A. P.

## LXIV.

## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. Arnold.

## LXIV.

### ΟΥΚ ΕΙΔΟΤ' ΟΥΚ ΕΙΔΩΣ.

Ὡς ὅτε θηρευτὴς ἔαρος νέον ἱσταμένοιο
αἰετὸν ἀρτιτόκον τέτμῃ λεχέεσσιν ἐποῦσαν
οὐρείας λίμνης νήσῳ ἔνι παιπαλοέσσῃ·
τὴν δ' ἄρ' ἀναπταμένην βάλ' ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ὀιστῷ
καὶ κατερειπομένην, ὅπου ἂν πέσῃ, εὐθὺ μεταλλᾷ,
τηλόσε μαιόμενος· τότε νοστήσας ἀπὸ θήρης
αἰετὸς ἦλθε σύνευνος, ἑκὰς δ' ἐνόησε νεοσσοὺς
μούνους πεπτηῶτας· ἄφαρ πτερὸν αὐτίκ' ἐπέσχεν
οἷον ἀνιηθείς, καὶ ὑπὲρ λεχέων βραχυδίνης
πυκνὰ περικλάζει καὶ ὀνειδίζοντι ἐοικὼς
ἀγκαλεῖ ἣν ἄλοχον· ἀλλ' ἣ μάλα τῆλε καλιῆς
κεῖτ' ὀλιγοδρανέουσ', ἧπαρ βεβλημένη ἰῷ,
ἐν στυφελῇ τινι βήσσῃ ἀπόπροθι, οὐ προτιόπτῳ,
ἦκα τινασσόμενον πτερόεν δέμας. οὐκέτι λίμνη
τήν γ' ὑπεριπταμένην μιμήσεται, οὐκέτι πρῶνες
μυδαλέοι δνοφεροί τ' ἀντηχήσουσιν ἐκείνης
κλαγγῇ χειμερίῃ παρερεσσομένης πτερύγεσσιν.
ὡς ὁ τάλας κακὸν οὐ προτιοσσόμενος δόμον ἦλθεν,
ὣς τότε καὶ Ῥύστων ἀμφὶ θνῄσκοντι βεβήκει
παιδὶ πατήρ, ὀλέσας δὲ ἑὸν γόνον οὐδὲν ἀνέγνω.

A. W. M.

## LXV.

### ARETHUSA, BELLARIO.

ARE. Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

BEL. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:

## LXV.

### ΑΡΕΘΟΥΣΑ, ΒΕΛΛΑΡΙΩΝ.

ΑΡ. Ὦ μηχανορράφ', ὃς πρὶν ἢ φθογγῆς κρατεῖν
ψευδὴς ὑπῆρχες παῖς ἔτ' ὢν ἐν σπαργάνοις,
λόγων τε κλέπτης κὰς τὸν εὐήθη βροτῶν
προδότης πεφυκώς, ἐξολωλυῖαν πυρὶ
θερμοῦ κόρην ἔρωτος ἐκκομπάζετε,
εἰ κόμπος ἔστ', αὐτός τε δεσπότης τε σός.
καίτοι τίς ὄγκος ἐστὶ πλὴν πανουργίας;
ἔρρ' ἐκποδὼν οὖν, καὶ κελευούσης ἐμοῦ
ὃ κἀκέλευστος ἀλλ' ἂν αἰσχύνης γ' ὕπο
δρῴης σύ, δρᾶσον· εἰ γὰρ ἐξηπίστασο
ὡς αἴσχρ' ὑπέστης ἀρτίως ὑπηρετεῖν,
οὔτοι σε κρύπτειν εἷς ἂν ἐξήρκει λόφος
μὴ δή σ' ὀρύξας τίς ποτ' ἐξεύρῃ βροτῶν.
ΒΕ. οἴμοι·
τίς δὴ θεῶν βροτοῖσιν ὀργισθεὶς νόσῳ
ἔπληξε καινῇ τῇδε βελτίστων φρένας;
τόδ' οὖν, γύναι, προσθεῖσα τοὐμὸν αὐξάνεις
ἄλγος τοσοῦτον ὥσπερ ἂν στάζουσ' ὕδωρ
ἐς τὴν θάλασσαν οὐδὲν ἐξογκοῖς πλέον.

My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly: I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Philaster*, III., 2.

ἐγὼ γὰρ ὀργῇ δεσπότου πεπληγμένος
πρὸς καρδίαν ἀπεῖπον εἰσαεὶ χαράν·
ὥστ᾽ ἐν περισσῷ γ᾽ εἰ φυγεῖν με νουθετεῖς,
ὅστις γε μέλλω καὶ παρὼν σ᾽ ἀσπάζομαι
τὸ λοίσθιον δὴ κοὔποτ᾽ αὖθις ὕστερον.

A. P.

## LXVI.

### ALHADRA, NAOMI.

ALH. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—there.
NAO. The cavern?
ALH. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch: he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez reappeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!
NAO. Thou called'st him?
ALH. I crept into the cavern.
'Twas dark and very silent.
[*Then wildly.*] What saidst thou?

## LXVI.

### ΑΛΛΑΔΡΑ, ΝΑΩΜΙΟΣ.

ΑΛ. Ἐν νυκτὶ γὰρ τῇδ' ὁπλίσας ξίφει χέρα
ὁ ταγὸς ὑμῶν ἐσσύθη δόμων ἄπο·
κἀγὼ τάλαιν' ἄπωθεν ὑστέρῳ ποδὶ
ἔστειχον, ἔστ' ἐκεῖσ' ἄφαντος εἰσέβη.
ΝΑ. πῶς φῄς, γύναι; σπήλαιον ἦ λέγεις τόδε;
ΑΛ. στόμιόν γ' ἐς αὐτό· διὰ χρόνου δ' Ὀρδώνιος
παρῇξε δᾷδα χειρὶ λάμπουσαν φέρων,
ἔσω δ' ἔβη κἀκεῖνος· ἔνθα δὴ πολὺς
ἐμοὶ παρῆλθεν ἐκτὸς ἑστώσῃ χρόνος.
ξιφῶν δ' ἔδοξ' ἐν τῷδ' ἐπαισθέσθαι κτύπον.
ἐξῆλθε δ' αὖθις εὐθέως Ὀρδώνιος,
κἄρριψε παίζων δᾷδα πρὸς τὸν οὐρανόν,
ἱλαρῷ τ' ἐῴκει· καὶ καραδοκοῦσ' ἐγὼ
ἔμιμνον, ἀνδρὸς εἰ κλύοιμ' ἐμοῦ βάσιν.
ΝΑ. ἦ καὶ προσεῖπας;
ΑΛ. εἶτ' ἐς ἄντρον εἵρπυσα·
λυγαῖα τἄνδον πάντα καὶ σιγηλὰ δή.
αἰαῖ·

No! No! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake: and while I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-
groan!

COLERIDGE, *Remorse*, IV., 3.

τί φῄς ποτ', ὦ φέριστε; τοὔνομ' οὐδαμῶς
καλεῖν νιν ἔτλην, μὴ λόγον ποτ' οὐδένα
ἔτ' ἀντακούσαιμ' · ὡς δ' ἔοικεν, εἰς βραχὺν
φρενῶν ἀπέστην, μνῆστιν οὐκ ἔχουσ' ἔτι
ὧν οὕνεκ' ἦλθον · καὖθις ὡς ἔμφρων κυρῶ,
στέναγμ' ἀκούσασ', ὦ τάλαιν', ἕρπω πέλας ·
εἶτ' ἄλλο πρὸς τῷδ' ἐς μυχὸν προῆγέ με
δεινόν τιν', οὗ φῶς δυσθέατον ἦν ἰδεῖν,
χαμαὶ πεσούσης λαμπάδος βαιὰν φλόγα.
καὶ τῆσδ' ἔνερθε χάσμ' ἰδοῦσ' ἐφθεγξάμην,
σμικρὰν δ' ὁμοῦ κάτωθεν εἰσήκουσ' ὄπα,
στέναγμ' ἀπορρηγνύντος ὥς τινος βίον.

G. A. M.

## LXVII.

## TANTALUS.

Night after night,
While all the halls were still, and the cold stars
Were fading into dawn, I lay awake
Distraught with warring thoughts, my throbbing brain
Filled with that dreadful voice. I had not shrunk
From blood, but this, the strong son of my youth—
How should I dare this thing? And all day long
I would steal from sight of him and men, and fight
Against the dreadful thought, until the voice
Seared all my burning brain, and clamoured "Kill!
Zeus bids thee, and be happy". Then I rose
At midnight, when the halls were still, and raised
The arras, and stole soft to where my son
Lay sleeping. For one moment on his face

## LXVII.

### ΤΑΝΤΑΛΟΣ.

Ἐκ νυκτὸς ἐς νύκτ', εὖτε πάντα δώματα
σιγὴ κατεῖχε κἀξίτηλον ἀστέρων
ἐς ἦμαρ ἤδη φέγγος ἠφανίζετο,
κείμην ἄϋπνος, φροντίδων δυσχειμέρῳ
στρόβῳ σαλεύων, χἤδ' ἐφεδρεύουσ' ἔτι
φωνή, φρενῶν οἴστρημα, δύσφημος πτοεῖ.
οὐδ' ἦ φόνον γὰρ πρόσθεν ὀκνήσας, τὸ δὲ
τὸν ἐξ ἐμοῦ γε πατρὸς υἱὸν ἄλκιμον
κτανεῖν γεγῶτα, πῶς τόδ' ἂν τλαίην ἐγώ;
οὐκ ἦν ἀνεκτόν, καὶ τέως πανήμερος
κεῖνόν τε καὶ τοὺς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ὁμοῦ
ἄποπτος ἐξέστην ἂν ἐς τ' ἐναντίαν
γνώμην ἔτεινον, φθέγμα πρὶν πυρουμένην
ᾤστρησε τὴν φρέν' ὧδ' ἐπισπέρχον τορῶς·
οὗτος, τί μέλλεις; καί σε γὰρ κτανεῖν θεὸς
αὐτὸς κελεύει καὶ κτανόντ' εὐδαιμονεῖν.
κἀκ τῶνδ' ἀναστάς, εὐφρόνην μέσην κάτα,
ὡς δῶμ' ἐσίγα, καὶ τὰ παραπετάσματα
ἄρας ἐφέρπω δὴ τόθ' ἡσύχως ὅπου
εὕδων ὁ παῖς ἔκειτο· καὶ βραχὺν χρόνον

And stalwart limbs I gazed, and marked the rise
And fall of his young breast, and the soft plume
Which drooped upon his brow, and felt a thrill
Of yearning; but the cold voice urging me
Burned me like fire. Three times I gazed and turned
Irresolute, till last it thundered at me,
"Strike, fool! thou art in hell; strike, fool! and loose
The burden of thy chains". Then with slow step
I crept as creeps the tiger on the deer,
Raised high my arm, shut close my eyes, and plunged
My dagger in his heart.

LEWIS MORRIS, *Epic of Hades.*

*πρόσωπον αὐτοῦ πρῶτα γυῖά τ' ἄλκιμα*
*στέρνον τε πάλλον πνεύμασιν παλιρρόοις*
*ἀθρῶ παραστάς, βοστρύχους τε μαλθακοὺς*
*οἵτ' ἐσκίαζον ὄμμα, σὺν δ' οἴκτου βέλος*
*χωρεῖ πρὸς ἧπαρ θερμόν, ἡ δὲ νηλεὴς*
*φωνή μ' ἐπείγουσ' οἷα πῦρ ἐπέφλεγεν.*
*καὶ τρὶς μὲν ἀθρῶ, τρὶς δ' ἀπεστράφην πάλιν*
*τὸ δρᾶν ἀποκνῶν, ἔστ' ἐθώυξεν τέλος·*
*ὦ μῶρε, καὶ γὰρ ποίνιμοί σ' Ἐρινύες*
*θηρῶσι, παῖσον, δειμάτων ἀπαλλαγήν.*
*ἐνταῦθα δὴ κρυφαῖον ἐξορμῶν πόδα*
*ἐπ' ἔλαφον ὥς λέων τις εἰσορμωμένος,*
*ὑψοῦ τ' ἐπάρας χεῖρα καὶ μύσας τέκνου*
*πλευρᾶς ἐρείδω φάσγανον διαμπερές.*

A. P.

## LXVIII.

## TITHONUS.

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this grey shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality".
Then did'st thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.

## LXVIII.

### ΤΙΘΩΝΟΣ.

Φθίνει μὲν ὕλη καὶ πίτνει φύλλων γάνος,
τέγγει δὲ γαῖαν δακρύων νέφη δρόσῳ·
βροτοὶ γύας ἀροῦσι, πάγκοινον τάφον,
θνῄσκει τε κύκνος πολυέτης περ ὢν τέλος.
ἐμοὶ δὲ μούνῳ μήποτ' ἐκτελεῖν βίον
ἔνειμε Μοῖρα, καὶ τόδ' ἄθλιον δέμας
βραδέως ἐν ἀγκάλαισι σαῖς αὐαίνεται
τοῖς ἡσύχοισι τέρμασιν γαίας πέρι·
σκιὰ δ' ἀλῶμαι λευκόθριξ, ὄνειρος ὥς,
χώρους ἀφώνους, τὰς πρὸς ἀντολὰς πλάκας,
πτύχας θ' ὁμιχλῶν, ἔνθ' Ἕω λαμπροὶ δόμοι.
φεῦ, φεῦ,
ὡς εἶμι καπνοῦ νῦν σκιά, πρὶν ὢν ἀνὴρ
ἥβῃ τεθηλὼς καὶ χάριν τὴν σὴν διά,
σὺ γάρ μ' ἐτίμας ὥστε δὴ φρονῶν μέγα
καὶ τοῖς θεοῖσί μ' ἐξισοῦν ἔτλην ἐγώ.
ᾔτησα δῶρον ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν ποτε,
συνῄνεσας δὲ ταῦτα μειδιῶσ' ἐμοί,
ὡς πλούσιός τις ἀφθόνῳ διδοὺς χερί.

But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes.

TENNYSON.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἐδυσχέραινον ἰσχυραὶ τάδε
Ὧραι, διέκναιόν με κἀσπόδουν κακῶς
καθ' ἡδονήν, βίαν γε λυμαντηρίαν.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐταῖς ἦν θέμις μ' ἀποφθίσαι
δέμας μαρανθὲν ὧδ' ἔλειπον, ὥστ' ἐμὲ
γέροντ' ἀθάνατον, ᾗπερ οὐχ ἥβη φθίνει,
συζῆν, ἀκμῆς τῆς πρόσθεν ὠρφανισμένον.

J. H.

## LXIX.

## MARY STUART.

Sirs, whom by strange constraint I stand before,
My lords, and not my judges, since no law
Can hold to mortal judgment answerable
A princess free-born of all courts on earth,
I rise not here to make response as one
Responsible toward any for my life
Or of mine acts accountable to man,
Who see none higher save only God in heaven:
I am no natural subject of your land
That I should here plead as a criminal charged,
Nor in such wise appear I now; I came
On your queen's faith to seek in England help
By troth-plight pledged me; where by promise-breach
I am even since then her prisoner held in ward:
Yet, understanding by report of you
Some certain things I know not of to be
Against me brought on record, by my will
I stand content to hear and answer these.

SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart*, III., 1.

## LXIX.

### ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ.

Ὦ γῆς ἄνακτες, οὐ γὰρ οὖν κριτὰς λέγω,
πάρειμ' ἐν ὑμῖν δείν' ἀναγκασθεῖσα δή·
πῶς γὰρ νόμος τις ἂν κτίσει' ὑπέγγυον
βροτῶν δίκαις ἄνασσαν ἥτις ἂν κυρῇ
γεγῶσα θνητῶν ὥσθ' ὑπερφέρειν βραβέων.
οὐδὲν δ' ἀναστᾶσ' ἀντερῶ ποθ', ὥσπερ εἰ
οἵωνπερ ἔζων ἦν ὑπεύθυνος βροτοῖς,
ἢ 'μοὶ προσῆκε πράξεων δοῦναι λόγον
μηδὲν βλεπούσῃ πλὴν θεοὺς ὑπέρτερον·
οὐδ' αὖ γένει πολῖτις εἰς ὑμᾶς τελῶ
ὥσθ' ὡς πανοῦργος ἐνθάδ' αἰτίαν ἔχειν,
οὐδ' οὖν τοιαύτη νῦν δίκην εἰσέρχομαι·
ἦλθον δ' ἀνάσσῃ τῆσδε πιστεύσασα γῆς,
ζητοῦσ' ἀρωγὴν ἠγγυημένην ἐμοί,
ταύτης δ' ἁμαρτοῦσ' εὐθὺς ἕρκεσιν συνῆν.
ὅμως δ' ἀκούσασ' ὧνπερ οὐ σύνοιδά πω
δίκην λαχόντ' ἐγκλήματ' ἐγγράψαι τινὰ
στέργω τ' ἀκούειν κἀνταμείβεσθαι θέλω.

G. R. M.

## LXX.

### SONG.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whaur' the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur' the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a-faulding let us gang
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae doun by Clouden's side
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
When at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheerie.

## LXX.

### ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Τηνεῖ μὰν ἁ ἐρείκα ἀν' ὤρεα καλὰ τέθαλε
τηνεῖ καὶ τὸ καταχὲς ὕδωρ κελαδεννὰ καταρρεῖ·
ὡς τὰ γεώλοφα τῆνα, σὲ τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδα βωστρῶ,
ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκε τὰ μῆλα.
ἠνίδ' ἐκεῖ λιγυρῶς ἀκρέσπερα τρύσδει ἀκανθίς,
ἃ ποτὶ ταῖς Αἴτνας βάσσαις λαλαγεῦσα ποτᾶται,
ἴομες ὦν ποτὶ σακόν, ἐμὰ κόρα, ἴομες ἤδη.
ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκε τὰ μῆλα.
αἰ λῇς, βασεύμεσθα παρ' Ἄκιδος εὔσκιον ὕδωρ,
ᾇ πτελέαι θάλλοντι παρ' ὄχθαις ὑψιπέτηλοι,
κῦμά τε καχλάσδει τρυφερόν, λάμπει τε σελάνα.
ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκε τὰ μῆλα.
ἠνίδε σιγαλέα τε πόλις σιγῶντί τε πύργοι,
μήνας στιλβοίσας μεσονύκτια, ταὶ Δρυάδες τε
ἄνθεσι γαθεῦσαι δροσεροῖς χορὸν ἀρτίσδονται.
ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκε τὰ μῆλα.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near
    My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art
Thou hast stow'n my very heart.
I can die but canna part
    My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay cauld death shall blin' my e'e
    Ye aye shall be my dearie.

Burns.

οὐ μὰν οὔθ' Ἑκάταν τρομέεις οὔτ' ὦν τύ γα Μορμώ,
ὡς φίλα ἐσσὶ θεοῖσι καὶ ὡς φιλέει σ' Ἀφροδίτα·
ἀσκηθὴς δέ τις εἶ· τὶν δ' οὐ κακὸν ἵξεται οὐδέν.
  ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκε τὰ μῆλα.
ὦ νύμφα χαρίεσσα, τὸ ἱμερόεν ποθορεῦσα,
ὡς ἴδον ὡς καλὰ ἦσθ', ὡς τὰς φρένας ἐξαλαπάχθην.
οὐδέ κε τεθνηώς ποκα τεῦς, Ἀμαρυλλί, λαθοίμαν·
  ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκε τὰ μῆλα.
ἆς κ' ὦν οἱ ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρων ἅλαδε προρέωντι,
ἆς δέ κεν ὑψίτερος τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν Ἅλιος αἴθῃ,
ὡκλελαθὼν δέ χ' ἕλῃ μ' Ἀίδας, αἰεὶ τὺ φιλήσω.
  ὡς τὰ κατάντη τῆνα γεώλοφα βόσκε τὰ μῆλα.

W. M. C.

## LXXI.

## CANTERBURY.

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience ; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in Nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts ;
While some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*, I., 2.

## LXXI.

### ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

Τοιγὰρ θεὸς τὰ πράγματ' εὐθύνων βροτοῖς
ἄλλ' ἔργον ἄλλοις ὥστ' ἔχειν διώρισεν.
ὁρμᾷ θ' ἕκαστον εἰς πόνον σπεύδειν ἀεί,
σκοπὸν τιθεὶς ἅπασι τὴν πειθαρχίαν.
οὕτως γὰρ ἔργα διανέμειν αὑταῖς φιλεῖ
γένος μελισσῶν, τῆς φύσεως κατ' ἐντολήν,
δηλοῖ δὲ τοῖον κόσμον ἀνθρώπων πόλει.
ἄνακτ' ἐπάρχους τ' ἴσθι παντοίους ἔχον·
αἱ μὲν γὰρ οἶκοι τῶν δικασπόλων τρόπον
ἀδίκους κολάζουσ', αἱ δὲ τοῦ κέρδους χάριν
τοῖς ἐκπλέουσιν ἐμπόροις τολμῶσ' ἴσα.
αἱ δ', ὥσπερ ἀσπιστῆρες, ἐν πανοπλίᾳ
κέντρων, θέρους συλῶσι τῶν ἁβρῶν γάνος
καλύκων, φέρουσαί θ' ἁρπαγήν, μάλ' εὐφρόνως
ὁδοιποροῦσιν οἴκαδ' εἰς στρατηγίδα.

G. C. M.

## LXXII.

### HELENA, KING.

HEL. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

KING. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

## LXXII.

### ΕΛΕΝΗ, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

ΕΛ. Ἀλλ' εἰ προσαρκέσει τι τἀπ' ἐμοὶ σκοπεῖν
οὐ χεῖρον, ὡς σὺ παντὶ δυσφορεῖς ἄκει·
ὁ γὰρ μεγίστων πραγμάτων κραίνων τέλος
ὑπηρετῶν πόλλ' ἐκτελεῖ φλαύρων διαί.
ἤδη δὲ πυθόκραντ' ἔπη τεθέσπικεν
τοὺς σώφρονας μὲν νηπίους εἶναι σαφῶς,
τοὺς νηπίους δὲ σώφρονας. πηγῶν ἄπο
σμικρῶν καταρρέουσι χείμαρροι λάβροι,
ἁλὸς δὲ χεύματ' ἐνίοτ' ἐξικμάζεται
κεἰ ταῦτ' ἄπιστα τοῖς σοφοῖς, χὤν μὲν βροτοὶ
τὰ πλεῖστ' ἔχουσιν ἐλπίδ', ὡπὶ παμφαεῖ
σαίνουσαν, οὐ κραίνει τάδ' ὁ θεός, ἀλλ' ὅταν
φθίνῃ μὲν ἐλπὶς βλαστάνῃ δ' ἀθυμία
αὐτοῖς τὰ λῷστ' ἔπειτα δὴ τελεῖν φιλεῖ.
ΒΑΣ. τάδ' οὐκ ἀκουστέ', ἀλλὰ χαῖρ', εὖφρον κόρη,
πόνων δ' ἄπρακτον δεῖ τίνειν σαυτὴν γέρας·
δασμὸς τοιούτων μοῦνος ἔρχεται χάρις.

HEL. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well that Ends Well,* II., 1.

ΕΛ. οὕτω διαρρεῖ τἀκ θεῶν δωρήματα
λόγοις βλαβέντα· τοῦ δὲ πάνθ' ὁρωμένου
οὐ δῆθ' ὅμοιός ἐστι τοῦ Διὸς τρόπος
χἠμῖν, ἐπεικάζουσιν ἐκ τῶν σχημάτων.
ἆρ' οὐχ ὑβρίζομέν γε τότε μάλισθ' ὅταν
βροτῶν τιθῶμεν τὴν θεῶν ἐπάρκεσιν;
ἀλλ' εἴκαθ', ὦναξ, λιπαρούσῃ μοι τάδε,
τοῦ δαίμονος πεῖραν σὺ μηδ' ἐμοῦ λαβών.
γόης μὲν οὐκ ἔγωγε τοῦ κόμπου χάριν
ὑπερκόπως αὐχοῦσα τοῦ σθένους πέρα.
ἀλλ' ὡς ἐμοὶ σύνοιδα κεὐθαρσῶς ἔχω,
ἰατὸς εἶ σύ, κἄτ' ἐμὴ σθένει τέχνη.

J. H.

## LXXIII.

## CHATILLON.

With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanche of Spain
With them a bastard of the king's deceased ;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence, and scath, in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance. They are at hand,
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, II., 1.

# LXXIII.

## ΧΑΤΙΛΛΩΝ.

*Τῷδ' οὖν ὁμοῦ πάρεστιν ἡ τεκοῦσά νιν*
*νεικῶν Ἐρινὺς αἱματοσταγῶν ῥαφεύς·*
*κόρη θ' ὁμαίμων τῇδε, Λευκίππην λέγω·*
*τρίτον δ' ἄνακτος ἐν νεκροῖσι κειμένου*
*νοθηγενὲς βλάστημα· σὺν δ' αὐθαίρετοι*
*ὅσοι γε θυμὸν δύσκολον τρέφουσ' ἀεί,*
*ἄσκεπτος οὐκ εὔβουλος αὐθάδης στάσις,*
*τὸ σχῆμα μὲν γυναῖκες, ἀγρίοις δ' ὅμως*
*θηρσὶν τὸ λῆμα προσφερεῖς, κἀφέστιοι*
*πατρῷον ἠλλάχασι κληροῦχον γέρας·*
*λάχος δὲ τοῦτο πᾶς ἀγάλλεται φέρων*
*τύχης νέας γε πεῖραν ἐνθάδ' εἰ λάβοι.*
*τί δεῖ τὸ πλεῖον ἱστορεῖν, τοιόνδ' ἐπεὶ*
*ἀνδρῶν ἀτρέστων ἄνθος ἀσπιδηφόρων*
*οἷον τόδ' ἐχθρῶν ἐν σκάφαισι ναυστολεῖ,*
*οὐπώποτ' εἰσήνεγκε πόντιος κλύδων*
*βλαβὴν πρόχειρον πᾶσι τοῖς καθ' Ἑλλάδα.*
*ἀλλ' ἥδε δυσφημοῦσα σάλπιγγος βοὴ*
*κώλυμ' ὑπάρχει μὴ τὸ πᾶν σαφηνίσαι·*
*οἱ δ' οὖν ἁμίλλης εἴτε καὶ λόγων χάριν*
*ἤδη πάρεισιν, ὥστε νῦν ἔργων ἀκμή.*

A. G. S.

## LXXIV.

## MEROPE.

For ask at Argos, ask in Lacedaemon,
Whose people, when the Heracleidae came,
Were hunted out, and to Achaia fled,
Whether is better, to abide alone,
A wolfish band, in a dispeopled realm,
Or conquerors with conquer'd to unite
Into one puissant folk, as he design'd?
These sturdy and unworn Messenian tribes,
Who shook the fierce Neleidae on their throne,
Who to the invading Dorians stretch'd a hand,
And half bestow'd, half yielded up their soil—
He would not let his savage chiefs alight,
A cloud of vultures, on this vigorous race,
Ravin a little while in spoil and blood,
Then, gorged and helpless, be assail'd and slain.

M. Arnold.

## LXXIV.

### ΜΕΡΟΠΗ.

Ἐλθὼν γὰρ Ἄργος, ἢ παρ' Εὐρώτα ῥοὰς
ἔνθ' ἔννομοι γῆς Ἡρακλέους γόνων ὕπο
ἔφυγον δίωγμ' εἰς γῆν Ἀχαιΐδ', ἐξεροῦ,
πότερον ἄμεινόν ἐστιν ᾠκίσθαι μόνους,
λύκειον ἔθνος, ἐν τόποις ἀναστάτοις,
ἢ δίπτυχ' εἰς ἕν' εὐθενοῦντα συζυγεῖν
λεὼν στρατεύμαθ', ὡς ἂν ἦν κείνῳ φίλον.
αἰδούμενος γὰρ ἀλκίμους Μεσσηνίους
ἀκάματον ἔθνος, οἵτε Νηλειδῶν κράτη
ὠμοφρόνων σείσαντες, εἶτ' ἐχθρῶν στρατὸν
τὸν γῆς ἔφεδρον ἐνδεδεξιωμένοι
ἑκόντες ἐξέστησαν ἄκοντες τε γῆς,
ὤκνησ' ἐκεῖνος ἀγρίους ταγοὺς ἐᾶν,
ὁποῖα γῦπας, τῷδε καρτερῷ γένει
ἐπεισπεσόντας, καὶ βραχὺν μὲν εἰς χρόνον
βροτοφθόρα σκυλεύματ' ἐκκαρπουμένους
ἔπειτα δ' ἐμπλησθέντας αἵματος, χερῶν
πρὸς δηίων δαμέντας ἀθλίως θανεῖν.

W. M. C.

## LXXV.

## STORM AND CALM.

Night followed, clad with stars. On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste, to mutual war
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock
The calm and spangled sky. . . . At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirl-pools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,
Rage and resound for ever.

SHELLEY, *Alastor*.

## LXXV.

### ΧΕΙΜΩΝ ΕΝ ΕΥΔΙΑΙ.

Ὄρφνη δ' ἐπῆλθ' ἄστροισιν ἠμφιεσμένη.
ἔπειτα ῥεῖθρα μυριοπληθῆ πλακῶν
θαλασσίων, ὁποῖα τὰκ μακρῶν ὀρῶν,
πάντη καταιγίζοντα, φρικώδη βλέπειν,
κελαινὰ δυσκύμαντά τ' ἐς κοινὴν μάχην
ἔθυε δεινῷ καὶ βαρυγδούπῳ κλόνῳ,
ὡς εἰ θεῶν τις αἰόλῳ καὶ νηνέμῳ
πόλῳ τάδ' ἐξώρινε κύματ' ἐγγελῶν.
ἔνθ' ἐξέλαμψεν εὐφρόνην μέσην κάτα
φέγγος σελήνης, ἣν δ' ἰδεῖν τοῦ Καυκάσου
κρυσταλλοπήκτους ἀστρογείτονας πάγους
ἐν ἄστρασιν στίλβοντας ἡλίου δίκην.
κάτω δὲ κύματ' ἐν πετρώδεσιν μυχοῖς
ἀμάχῳ μένει ῥοχθοῦντα καὶ δινούμενα
ἀκταῖς ἁλιστόνοισιν ἀντηχεῖ βρόμῳ.

J. H.

## LXXVI.

## HUNTINGTOWER.

When ye gang awa, Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie?

I'll send you a braw new gown, Jeanie,
The brawest in the town, lassie,
And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
Silk and gowd and a', laddie,
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like when ye're awa, laddie.

When I come back again, Jeanie,
Frae a foreign land, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay
To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
Marry me yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

# LXXVI.

## ΟΑΡΙΣΤΥΣ

## ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΚΟΡΗΣ.

ΚΟΡΗ.

*Εἰπέ μοι, ὦ φίλε κῶρε, τί μοι πάλιν οἴκαδε δῶρον*
*πεμψεῖς, πλευσόμενος δολιχὰν ὁδὸν εἰς Μιτυλήναν;*

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

*ξυστίδα τοὶ χρυσῷ κεκονιμένα κράσπεδ' ἔχοισαν*
*πεμψῶ νηγατέαν, μετὰ ταῖς πράταις περονᾶσθαι.*

ΚΟΡΗ.

*ξυστίδ' ἀποπτύω καὶ χρύσεα κράσπεδ' ἔχοισαν·*
*τίς μ' ἀρέσαι κε χιτὼν ἀποδαμεῦντος Κορυδῶνος;*

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

*ἄνερα τὶν ἀξῶ, πλεύσας πάλιν ἐκ Μιτυλήνας,*
*ἄκρηβον χαρίεντα, τεοῦς φίλον ἦμεν ἀκοίταν.*

ΚΟΡΗ.

*αὐτός μοι, Κορύδων, αὐτὸς φίλος ἦμεν ἀκοίτας,*
*τὶν δὲ συνοικήσοισαν ἔμ' ἐξάγαγ' εἰς Μιτυλήναν.*

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

*καὶ τίν' ἐγὼν γήμω, φθονερὰν ἔριν αὐτίκα θήσων*
*τέκνοις ἠδ' ἀλόχῳ, οἳ ἐμῷ ναίοισιν ἐν οἴκῳ;*

Ye should hae tellt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye should hae tellt me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

Your e'en were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I couldna help mysel', lassie.

Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A braken heart like me, laddie.

Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I have neither gowd nor lands
To be a match for you, laddie.

Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

ΚΟΡΗ.

ταῦτα τύ μοι λέξαι πάρος ἔπρεπεν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀρχὰν
κρήγυον ἀστόργοιο τεοῦς κ' ἔρον ἀντηράσθην.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

τὶν γὰρ καλὰ βλέποισαν ὅπως ἴδον, ἆμαρ ἐπ' ἆμαρ
ὥς με κατέσμυχες, κραδίην δ' ἀέκοντος ἴαινες.

ΚΟΡΗ.

τέκνοις ἠδ' ἀλόχῳ χαριεύμενος οἴκαδ' ἄπενθε·
τῶν δαίμων ἀπερύκοι ἐμὶν ἴσα πημανθῆναι.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

μὴ δάκρυε, κόρα, μὴ τάκεο· μῦθος ἐπλάσθη
τέκνα μοι ἠδ' ἄλοχος, τὺ δέ μευ μόνα ἔσσῃ ἄκοιτις.

ΚΟΡΗ.

μὴ μεταγνῷς, φίλ', ὅρη· μᾶλλόν γά χ' ὑπ' οὔτινος ἄλλας
στέργοι', οὐδένα δ' ὄλβον ἔχοιμί τοι ἰσοφαρίζειν.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

ὄλβος ἐμὸς τεός ἐστιν, ὅσον κτεάτισσα κατ' αἶαν
τὰν Σικελάν, καλαί τε πόλεις καὶ πίονες ἀγροί.

W. M. C.

## LXXVII.

## THE NEW SIRENS.

Pluck no more red roses, maidens,
Leave the lilies in their dew—
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens,
Dusk, oh, dusk the hall with yew!
Shall I seek, that I may scorn her,
Her I loved at eventide?
Shall I ask, what faded mourner
Stands at daybreak, weeping by my side?
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens!
Dusk the hall with yew!

M. Arnold.

## LXXVII.

### ΣΕΙΡΗΝΕΣ.

Ῥόδα πορφυρᾶ τ', ἄνυμφοι,
κρίνα τ' ἐν δρόσῳ λιποῦσαι
κυπάρισσον εἴτε κλῶνας,
μέλαν εἷμα τοῖς μελάθροις,
ἀπὸ μίλακος δρέπεσθε.
μετιὼν κακοστομήσω
τὸ πρὸς ἑσπέραν μέλημα;
τίς, ἐρήσομαι, τίς ὠχρὰ
ἅμ' ἕῳ παροῦσα κλαίει;
ἄγετ' ὦ παρηίδ' ὠχραί,
κυπάρισσον εἴτε κλῶνας
μέλαν εἷμα τοῖς μελάθροις
ἀπὸ μίλακος δρέπεσθε.

G. R. M.

## LXXVIII.

### MESSENGER.

Then the priest
Set to the flower-sweet snow of her soft throat
The sheer knife's edge that severed it, and loosed
From the fair bondage of so spotless flesh
So strong a spirit; and all that girt them round
Gazing, with souls that hung on that sad stroke,
Groaned, and kept silence after while a man
Might count how far the fresh blood crept, and bathed
How deep the dark robe, and the bright shrine's base
Red-rounded with a running ring that grew
More large and duskier as the wells that fed
Were drained of that pure effluence; but the queen
Groaned not nor spake, nor wept, but as a dream
Floats out of eyes awakening, so past forth
Ghost-like, a shadow of sorrow, from all sight
To the inner court and chamber where she sits
Dumb, till word reach her of this whole day's end.

SWINBURNE, *Erechtheus.*

## LXXVIII.

### ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

Ἄνθος δ' ἐφ' ἁβρὸν προσβαλὼν λευκῆς δέρης
ἀκμὴν θυτὴρ κνώδοντος ἔσχισεν χρόα
λύσας ἀκραιφνοῦς σώματος περιπτυχῶν
ψυχὴν ἄτρεστον· πᾶς δέ τις περισταδὸν
καραδοκῶν τὴν χεῖρα μαιμῶσαν φόνου
ἀνεστέναξεν εἶτ' ἐκοίμιζεν στόμα,
ἕως ἂν ἐκμάθοι τις εἰς ὅσον φόνος
χλωρὸς καθέρπων τὸν μελαμβαφῆ πέπλον
ἔχραν' ὅσῃ κηλῖδι καὶ βωμοῦ βάθρον
λαμπροῦ δαφοινοῖς νάμασιν περίρρυτον·
ἁγνῶν δὲ πηγῶν αὖ κατασβεννυμένων
μᾶλλον τ' ἐπλήθυ' αἷμα κἀμελαίνετο·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄνασσ' ᾤμωξεν οὐδ' ἐφθέγξατο
οὐδ' ἐξεδάκρυσ', ὀρθρίου δ' ὀνείρατος
μίμημ', ἄνολβον φάσμα, δυστυχὴς σκιά,
εἰς θάλαμον ᾤχετ', ἔνθα νῦν καθέζεται
ἄφθογγος, ἔστε πάντα πεύσεται τάδε.

J. A. K. T.

## LXXIX.

## THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O may I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude—in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

George Eliot.

## LXXIX.

### ΟΥΔΕ ΤΕΘΝΑΣΙ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΕΣ.

*Πῶς ἂν συνάψαιμ᾽ εἰς χορὸν τῶν ἀφθίτων,*
*φθιτῶν περ ὄντων, οἵ γ᾽ ἐσαῦθις ἐν φρεσὶν*
*βροτῶν ἄφαντοι ζῶσι, κἀκ συνουσίας*
*πρὸς ἔργ᾽ ἐπῆραν ἄνδρας ἵστασθαι καλά,*
*ἐρᾶν δ᾽ ἔτρεψαν τῶν φιλανθρώπων τρόπων*
*καὶ τοὔνδικον φρόνημα τολμηρῶς τρέφειν,*
*ἃ δ᾽ ἄν τις ἰδίου σπουδάσῃ κέρδους χάριν*
*ἀποπτύσαι πείθουσι, καὶ νοήματα*
*τίκτουσιν οὐ κατ᾽ ἄνδρα, τοῦ 'νθέου πλέα,*
*διαπρέποντά θ᾽ ὥσπερ ἄστρ᾽ ἐν εὐφρόνῃ·*
*γνώμας δ᾽ ἐποτρύνοντες ἠπίως βροτῶν*
*κηλοῦσιν ὥστε μείζον᾽ ἐξιχνοσκοπεῖν.*

J. H.

## LXXX.

### CORIOLANUS.

O World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, IV., 4.

# LXXX.

## ΚΟΡΙΟΛΑΝΟΣ.

Ὡς ἀστάθμητον τῷ γένει βροτῶν τύχη.
οἱ γὰρ τὰ νῦν σύμφωνα δεξιώματα
λαβόντες, ὥστε κἂν διπλοῖς ψυχὴν μίαν
στέρνοις τρέφειν δοκοῦσιν ἐς τὸ πᾶν χρόνου,
κοινωνίᾳ τε χρώμενοι τρόπων βίου,
τροφῆς παλαίστρας καὶ στέγης, ξυνωρὶς ὣς
φιλίᾳ ζυγέντες, αἰτίας σμικρᾶς ἄπο
στάσιν συνάψουσ' αὐτίκ' ἐχθίστην ὅμως.
οἷς δ' αὖτ' ἄσαντος ἐνέπεσ' ὠμόφρων τ' ἔρις
ὥστ' ὀψίκοιτα βλέφαρα μηδὲ συμβαλεῖν
αὑτοῖς μόρον ῥάπτοντας, ἐκ σμικροῦ λόγου
φίλοι φίλοις στέργηθρ' ἀμείψονται φρενῶν,
παῖδας γάμων μιγνύντες ἐν ξυναλλαγαῖς.

J. H.

## LXXXI.

## RENUNCIATION.

Come not when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save.
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest:
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:
Go by, go by.

TENNYSON.

## LXXXI.

### ΟΝΕΙΔΟΣ ΑΝΤ' ΟΝΕΙΔΟΥΣ.

Σὲ δ' οὖν ἀπαυδῶ μὴ 'π' ἐμοὶ τεθνηκότι
κωφὴν ματαίοις δακρύοις τέγξαι κόνιν,
μηδ' ἐμβατεύειν τὴν πέριξ γαῖαν ποσί,
ὅν τ' οὐκ ἔσωζες ζῶντα, λυπῆσαι νεκρόν.
ἐκεῖ δ' ἰόντων φθέγματ' οἰωνῶν ἐκεῖ τ'
ἀνέμων ἄελλαι, σὴ δ' ἀπαρτάσθω βάσις.
μή μοι λέγ' ὡς ἥμαρτες ἐξ ἀβουλίας·
ἥμαρτες· ἀρκεῖ τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ παναθλίῳ·
σὺ δ' ὅντιν' αἱρεῖ, σὺν τάχει τούτῳ γαμοῦ.
ἐγὼ δ' ἀπειπὼν συμφοραῖς θνητοῦ βίου
οὐδὲν ποθοῖμ' ἂν πλὴν τὸ κοιμᾶσθαι τάφῳ.
σὺ δ' οὖν, τάλαν, πάρελθε, κείμενον μ' ἔα.

A. W. M.

## LXXXII.

## BRUTUS, PORTIA.

BRU. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
POR. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
BRU. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile:
And by and bye thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, II., 1.

## LXXXII.

### ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ, ΠΟΡΤΙΑ.

ΒΡ. Πιστὴ μὲν οὖν τοῦδ᾽ εἶ σὺ καὶ χρηστὴ δάμαρ,
φίλη δ᾽ ἔμοιγε σταγόνες ὥστε φοιτάδες
αἳ τοὐμὸν εἰσοιχνοῦσιν ἀλγεινὸν κέαρ.
ΠΟΡ. εἴ γ᾽ ἦν τάδ᾽ οὕτω, ταῦτ᾽ ἂν ἔκφορ᾽ ἦν ἐμοί.
σύνοιδα θῆλυς οὖσα, κοὐκ ἀναίνομαι,
ἀλλ᾽ οὐχ ὁ Βροῦτος τήνδε νυμφεύσας ἔχει;
θῆλυς μέν εἰμι, κάρτα δ᾽ εὐκλέης γυνή,
κόρη Κάτωνος· πρὸς τάδ᾽ οὐ δοκῶ σθένος
ὑπερφέρειν σοι τοῦ γυναικείου γένους,
γεγῶσα τοιοῦδ᾽ ἀνδρός, εἴς τε τοιάδε
ζευχθεῖσα λέκτρα; φράζε νῦν ἅπερ νοεῖς
ὡς πρὸς σιωπήσουσαν· ἐνδείξασα γὰρ
ἔχω τὸ πιστόν, μηρὸν αὐτουργῷ χερὶ
τρώσασα τόνδε· πῶς τόδ᾽ ἂν τλαίην φέρειν
σῶν οὖσα κρυπτῶν ἄμμορος βουλευμάτων;
ΒΡ. νύμφης τοιαύτης μ᾽ ἄξιον θεῖεν θεοί·
κόπτει τις, εἶα· χρὴ δέ σ᾽ εἰς δόμους μολεῖν
τέως, χρόνῳ δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων
τὸ σὸν προδήλως συμμετασχήσει κέαρ.

W. M. C

## LXXXIII.

## DEPARTED DAYS.

Yes, dear, departed, cherished days,
  Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
  From Time's grey urn once more:
Then might this restless heart be still,
  This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
  While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
  We strive against the stream,
Each moment further from the shore
  Where life's young fountains gleam:
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
  And wider rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
  Day breaks—and where are we?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

# LXXXIII.

## ΠΟΘΟΣ ΑΠΟΙΧΟΜΕΝΩΝ.

Αἰαῖ ἀποιχομένοιο πάλαι πάλαι εἴαρος ὧραι,
  εἴ γ' ὑμᾶς ἀνάγοι πρὸς φάος αὖθις ἐμοὶ
Μνημοσύνη, γάνος οἷον ἔλαμψεν ἅμ' Ἠριγενείᾳ,
  οἷον ἀποφθινύθων Ἕσπερος εἶδε γάνος,
στῆθος ἐμὸν κρυεροῦ τότ' ἂν ἐκλελάθοιτο πόνοιο,
  ὄμμασι δ' εὔκηλον κλεῖστρον ἐπείη ὕπνου,
καὶ πτερὰ συστείλειε κεκμηκότα Ἐλπίς, ἀμαυροῦ
  ἐκ πίθου εἰδώλων ἐξαναδυομένων.

οἷα δ' ἐν Ὠκεανοῦ παῖς ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἕκαστος
  πρὸς βιότου δίνας ἀντιφεριζόμεθα,
μακρότερον δὲ κατ' ἦμαρ ὑπὲκ γαίης φερόμεσθα,
  ἔνθ' ἥβης πηγῶν ἡδὺ λέλαμπε φάος,
εὐρυτέρα δὲ θάλασσα κατ' ἦμαρ φαίνεται αἰεί,
  λεπτότεραι λῄων σειόμεναι στάχυες·
ἠέρ' ἐπεμβαίνει κνέφας ἕσπερον· εἶτα δέδυκεν
  ἥλιος· ἐξαναδὺς ποῦ τίνας εἶδε βροτῶν;

A. W. M.

## LXXXIV.

## PROMETHEUS.

                                        Evil minds
Change good to their own nature. I gave all
He has; and in return he chains me here
Years, ages, night and day; whether the sun
Split my parched skin, or in the moony night
The crystal-winged snow cling round my hair:
Whilst my beloved race is trampled down
By his thought-executing ministers.
Such is the tyrant's recompense; 'tis just:
He who is evil can receive no good;
And for a world bestowed, or a friend lost,
He can feel hate, fear, shame; not gratitude:
He but requites me for his own misdeed.
Kindness to such is keen reproach, which breaks
With bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.

SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*, I.

## LXXXIV.

### ΠΡΟΜΗΘΕΥΣ.

Κακὸν παρασπᾷ τἀγαθὸν φύσις κακή.
ἐγὼ μὲν ἀρχὴν τῷδε πᾶσαν ὤπασα.
τούτων δ' ἄποινά μ' ὧδε δεσμεύει βίᾳ
τὸ λοιπὸν εἰς ἅπαντα πλειστήρη χρόνον
κατ' ἦμαρ εὐφρόνην τε τῷδε τῷ πάγῳ,
σχίζει σταθευτὴν ἥλιος φοίβῃ φλογὶ
χρόαν ἐμήν, εἴτ' ἐννύχῳ μήνης φάει
χιὼν κόμας πήγνυσιν ἡ λευκόπτερος.
βροτῶν δ' ὑπηρετοῦντες ἂν θέλῃ γένος
τὸ φίλτατον πατοῦσιν οἱ διάκονοι·
τοιαῦτ' ἐμοὶ τύραννος ἀντημείψατο·
ἔχει δικαίως· οὐ γὰρ οὖν ὁ φὺς κακὸς
κεδνόν τι χρῆμ' οἷός τε δέξασθαί ποτε.
κράτη λαβὼν δ' ὕψιστα κἀλλάξας ἅμα
φίλων πρὶν ὄντων ἔχθος, οὐκ οἶδεν χάριν.
μισεῖ, φοβεῖται, πᾶσαν αἰσχύνην τρέφει,
ποινὰς δ' ἐπράξατ', αὐτὸς ἀμπλακών, ἐμέ.
χάρις τοιῷδέ μέμψιν ἐμβάλλει πικρὰν
ὀξυστόμοις κέντροισι δάπτουσαν κέαρ,
κινεῖ δ' ἄϋπνον ὕπνον ἐγκότου στύγους.

J. H.

## LXXXV.

## MEMORY.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
  But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
  All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

## LXXXV.

### ΜΝΗΜΟΣΥΝΗ.

Ὅταν γ᾽ ἑκήλου φροντίδος θάσσων θρόνον
μνήμην παλαιὰν ἀναμετρούμενος κυρῶ
πολλῶν ῥαγεισῶν ἐλπίδων, χρόνου τριβὴν
νέαν σὺν ἀρχαίοισι πήμασιν στένω.
κλαυθμοῦ δ᾽ ἄηθες ὄμμ᾽ ἐγὼ μνησθεὶς φίλων,
ὅσους κέκευθεν Νυκτὸς αἰανῆς σκότος,
κλαίων ἔτεγξα τοὺς πάλαι κεκλαυμένους,
ὄψεις τε πολλὰς οὐχ ὁρωμένας ἔτι.
λύπη δὲ λυπῶν εὐθὺς ἀμνηστουμένων
πάλαι καθεύδουσ᾽ αὖθις ἐξεγρήγορεν,
γόων δὲ τῶν πρὶν ἀναριθμούμενος λόγον
τετισμένον δύστηνος ἐκτίνω χρέος.
τότ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἔμοιγε σοῦ μεμνημένῳ, φίλος,
πάρεστι τἀπόν, πῆμ᾽ ἀπήμαντον πέλει.

A. W. M.

## LXXXVI.

## ULYSSES.

My comrades are a chosen company
Of men likeminded with me to forswear
Inglorious ease and tame domestic joys,
Fired by a free and generous hardihood
And reckless longing to behold what lands,
What seas, may lie, from mortal knowledge
hid,
Beyond the fabled gates of Hercules;
Till, having through unnumbered perils passed,
And gained experience of new coasts and isles,
Mountains and constellations new, our helm,
Not though I bid them, would they home-
ward turn,
But even sail right on, like noble eagle,
That bird who, when he feels his death
approach,
Doth fix his eye against the sun, and lift
His last flight towards its glory, till his wings
Faint, and he falleth stark and lifeless down.

R. C. TREVELYAN, *Polyphemus.*

## LXXXVI.

### ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ.

Συμπλεῖ δ' ἑταίρων ἔκκριτος συνουσία
τὠμῷ ξυνῳδὸν οἷσιν ἐμπέδως τόδε
βούλευμ' ἄραρε, δυσκλεῆ ῥᾳθυμίαν
οἰκουρίας τε φαῦλον εἰσαεὶ χαρὰν
χαίρειν ἐᾶσαι, καὶ γὰρ ἐξορμᾷ τὸ δρᾶν
αὐθαίρετον δὴ κοὐκ ἀναγκαῖον θράσος,
πόθος τ' ἄπληστος τοῦ θεάσασθαι πόρους
ἀκτάς θ' ὁποῖαι δὴ βροτοῖς ἀνεύρετοι
κλεινῶν κυρῶσ' ἂν Ἡρακλέους πυλῶν πέρα·
ἀγῶνας ἀθλήσαντες ἔστ' ἀνηρίθμους
νήσων τε καινῶν καὶ γυῶν ἐμπειρίαν
καινὴν λαβόντες, ἀστέρων τ' ὁρῶν θ' ἅμα,
οὐδ' εἰ κελεύσαιμ', οὐκέτ' οἴακα στρέφειν
πρὸς οἶκον ἂν θέλοιεν, ἀλλὰ ναυστολεῖν
ἀεὶ τὸ πόρσω, κεδνὸς ἀετός τις ὥς,
ὅς εὖτ' ἐπῄσθετ' ὢν ἐπ' ἐκπνοαῖς βίου,
κόρας ἐπάρας ἀστρόφους ἐς ἥλιον
ὁρμᾷ πρὸς αὐγὰς εὐθύ, λοίσθιον δρόμον,
πτέρυγες ἕως κάμνουσι καὶ παλίντροπος
πίτνει πέδονδε κρυερὸς ἄψυχος νέκυς.

A. P.

## LXXXVII.

### COME REDE ME, DAME.

Come rede me, Dame, come tell me, Dame,
  And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of
  To love a woman truly.

The carlin clew baith up and down
  And leugh and answered ready,
I learned a sang in Annerdale,
  A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
  Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
  And brown will do fu' rarely.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
  The flaxen ne'er grows yowden,
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
  And glory in the gowden.

BURNS.

## LXXXVII.

### ΚΟΣΚΙΝΟΜΑΝΤΙΣ.

Εἴπ᾽ ἄγε μοι γραία τὸ κρήγυνον· εἰς δ᾽ ἄκρον οἶσθα·
ποίας ὁ λῷστος ἐθειράσδει πλοκαμῖδας ἐραστάς;

χἀ πρεσβῦτις ἐκνάσατ᾽ ἄνω κάτω ἁ καλαμαία,
εὐμαρέως δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔλεξε, λέγοισα δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἐξεγέλαξε,
᾽Αρκαδικόν τι μέλισμ᾽ ἐδάην, "κώρα κυανόφρυν
ἀστικὰ ἄνδρα φιλεῖ". ταῖς δ᾽ ἀγροιώτισιν ὔμμιν,—
πείθεο πειραθείσᾳ, ἀλαθέα τ᾽ ἐξερεοίσᾳ—
ἀρκεῖ χὠ πολιοκρόταφος, χὠ πύρριχος ἀρκεῖ,
πλεῖστον ἔρον χοἰ κυάνεοι θαλέθοντι κίκιννοι,
οὔποκα δ᾽ οὐδ᾽ οἱ ξουθοὶ ἀϋσταλέοι κε πέλοιντο,
πνείοισιν δ᾽ ἐρόεντα πόθον ταὶ πυρραὶ ἔθειραι,
χρύσειον δ᾽ ἀγλάισμ᾽ ἐπενήνοθε ταῖς ξανθαῖσιν.

W. M. C.

## LXXXVIII.

## ROSE AYLMER.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
  Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom those wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

LANDOR.

## LXXXVIII.

### ΔΑΚΡΥΑ ΔΥΣΔΑΚΡΥΤΑ.

Τίπτ' ὄφελος κλεινῆς γενεῆς ἀγαθῶν τε τοκήων,
  ἢ τί πλέον μορφὴ θεσπεσίη τε χάρις,
εἰ δὲ καὶ εἰς ψυχῆς ἦθος καὶ ἐς εἴδεος ὥρην
  ἄνθος ὁμηλικίης, Ζηνοφίλη, ποτ' ἔπλευ;
Ζηνοφίλη, σὲ γὰρ οὐκέθ' ὁρῶν ὄσσοισιν ἀγρύπνοις
  δακρύω δύσερως φροῦδον ἐνὶ φθιμένοις,
κλαύματά σοι σύγκοιτα μερίμνας τ' οἰστροβολούσας
  δωροῦμαι, γοερὸν μνῆμα φιλοφροσύνης.

J. H.

Οὐδὲν ἄρ' οὔτε γένος βασιλήιον οὔτε τι εἶδος,
  οὐ χάρις, οὐκ ἀρετὴ πρὸς Θάνατον δύναται.
ταῦτα γὰρ εἶχες ἅπαντα, σὲ δ' οὐ προτιόψεται αὖθις
  ὄμμα τόδ' ἀενάοις δάκρυσι μυδαλέον,
ἀλλὰ σέ γ', ὦ Ῥοδόπη, διὰ νυκτὸς ἐγέρσιμος αἰεὶ
  μνήμων τιμήσω δάκρυσι καὶ στοναχαῖς.

A. W. M.

## LXXXIX.

## THE ODYSSEY.

As one that for a weary space has lain,
  Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine,
  In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Aeaean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
  And only shadows of wan lovers pine.
  As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
  Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
  And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ANDREW LANG.

## LXXXIX.

### ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑ.

*Ὥς τέ τις ἐν κήποισι παρ' ἱερὰ Περσεφονείης*
*κεῖται θελγόμενος Κίρκης ὀπὶ ἠδὲ καὶ οἴνῳ,*
*ἢ μάλα μακρὸν κῶμα, τὸ καί τις ἀπέστυγεν αὐτός,*
*νῆσον ὅθ' Αἰαίην λάθε κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης·*
*ἠρέμ' ὅπου τρύζουσι μόναι φόρμιγγες ἔρωτος,*
*μοῦνα δ' ἐραστάων εἴδωλ' ἀμενηνὰ πέτονται·*
*ὅς τέ κεν αὖθις ἁλὸς πικρὴν ἐπὶ χείλεσιν ἅλμην*
*ἀσπασίως αἴσθοιτο καὶ εὐρέος αἰθέρος ὁρμήν·*
*ὣς νῦν ἀσπασίως ἄνδρες τὰ νεώτερ' ἀοιδῶν*
*φθέγματ' ἀποστρεφθέντες ἐς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα*
*λεύσσουσιν στίλβοντ', ᾔσθοντό τε λαμπρὸν ἀήτην*
*αἶψα διασκεδάσαντ' ἀνθέων βαρύοδμον ἀϋτμήν,*
*ἀντὶ δὲ Σειρήνων λιγυρῶν χαίρων τις ἀκούει,*
*οἷα πρὸς ἑσπερίην ἀκτὴν ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο,*
*ῥόχθον Ὀδυσσείας, βροντὴν βαρύχορδον Ὁμήρου.*

A. W. M.

## XC.

## EARL DOORM.

At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,
Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,
And coming up close to her, said at last:
"Girl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies,
Take warning: yonder man is surely dead;
And I compel all creatures to my will.
Not eat nor drink? And wherefore wail for one,
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn
By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,
Beholding how ye butt against my wish,
That I forbear you thus: cross me no more.
At least put off to please me this poor gown,
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed:
I love that beauty should go beautifully:
For see ye not my gentlewomen here,
How gay, how suited to the house of one
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully?
Rise therefore; robe yourself in this: obey."

TENNYSON, *Geraint and Enid.*

## XC.

### ΤΟΙΗΣ ΚΕΦΑΛΗΣ ΜΕΜΝΗΜΕΝΗ ΑΙΕΙ.

Πρὸς ταῦτ᾽ ἐρυθριᾷ τε καὶ δόμων διά,
ὑπέρτερον νῦν χεῖλος, νῦν δὲ νέρτερον
ἕλκων ὀδάξ, ἔστειχεν, εἶτ᾽ ἰὼν πέλας
κόρην τάδ᾽ ἀντημείψατ᾽, ὦ γύναι, γύναι,
οὐ γάρ σ᾽ ἔπειθον οὐδὲν ἠπίοις λόγοις,
ἄκουε δὴ νῦν· ἐμφανῶς ἀνὴρ νεκρός,
κοὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις οὐκ ἀναγκασθήσεται
ἐμοὶ πιθέσθαι· κᾆτ᾽ ἀποπτύεις ποτὰ
καὶ βρωτὰ πάντα; τόνδ᾽ ὀδύρεσθαι θέλεις,
ὅστις τὸ σὸν τοιόνδε πάγκαλον δέμας
ᾔσχυνε φαύλοις ἀμπέχων ἐσθήμασιν;
καὶ θαῦμ᾽ ἔμοιγ᾽ ὥς εἰμι πρευμενής σ᾽ ὁρῶν
γνώμαις ἐμαῖσιν ὧδ᾽ ἐναντιουμένην.
παῦσαι δ᾽ ὑβρίζουσ᾽· ἐν χρόνῳ μὲν ἀλλ᾽ ὅμως
πεπεισμένη σὺ βάλλ᾽ ἐμοὶ χαμαιπετῆ
τὰ λακπάτητα ταῦτ᾽ ἀγυρτρίας ῥάκη.
ἐγὼ καλοῖσι κάλλος ἐνδυτὸν φιλῶ.
οὐ γὰρ γυναῖκας τάσδ᾽ ὁρᾷς ἐσθήμασιν
καλοῖς πρεπούσας ὡς πρέπει δόμοις ἐμοῖς,
ὅστις καλοῖσι κάλλος ἐνδυτὸν φιλῶ;
ταῦτ᾽ οὖν ἀναστᾶσ᾽ ἄμπεχ᾽· εὐπιθὴς γενοῦ.

A. W. M.

## XCI.

### TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
  Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
  But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
  In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
  If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller,
  "Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
  But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
  And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
  But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

## XCI.

### ΦΙΛΙΝΟΣ.

Μαῖα φίλα, θυμαλγὲς ἐμὶν ἄχος εἰς φρένας ἦνθε·
ὢ τί φίλα ῥέξαιμι; νεμεσσατόν γά τοι εἴη
ἁμετέροις ἀπιθῆν παοῖσι φίλοις τε τοκεῦσιν·
πῶς δ᾽ ἂν ἀποστέρξαιμι τὸν ἱμερόεντα Φιλῖνον;
εἴη κὴν πενίᾳ κεν, ἐμὶν δοκεῖ, οὐδὲν ἄτλατον
σὺν τήνῳ διάγεν· μή μοι δόμον ἔμπλεον ὄλβω
εἴη ἄτερ τῶ ἐμὶν πεφιλαμένω ἀνδρὸς ἐνοικῆν.
ἀγρὸς ἔχων πατρῷος Ἀμύντιχος ὁ Φρασιδάμω
τᾷ νύμφᾳ "μάλα χαῖρε κύον" λέγει ὀρθρευοίσᾳ,
πολλὰ δὲ καυχεῖται καὶ ἀγάλλεται οἷα πέπαται,
σιγᾷ δ᾽ ὄκκα Φιλίνω ἐναντία ποσσὶ χορεύῃ.
πολλάκις ἁ μάτηρ μοι ἀνάνυτα κωτίλλοισα
"τὼς νεαρὼς" κέλεται "πεφυλαγμένα ἦμεν ἐραστάς,
οἷα ψευδαλέως κιβδήλως τ᾽ ἠπεροπευτάς"
τίς δέ κε πιστεύσειεν ἐμῷ κατὰ ταῦτα Φιλίνω;

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

BURNS.

φατὶ δ' ἐμὶν ὁ πατὴρ πλέον ἀργυρίω καθαρῶ μνῶν
τῶν ἑκατὸν δώσειν, τὸν ἐρωτύλον ἢν ἀποκλᾴξω·
ὃν δὲ θεοῖς δοκέει, τὸν θὴν γεγαμήσομαι ἄνδρα.
 ἔγνων πρᾶν ὅκα μευ μνασθείσας εἰ φιλέεις με
ἁ κραδία ποτὶ τὸ στόμ' ἀνάλατο· τρὶς γὰρ ἐφεξῆς
ἔκπεσεν ὡὐτὸς κλᾶρος, ἐπῆν δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι "Φιλῖνος".
 κοὐ μ' ἔλαθεν μετὰ δαῖτα Θαλυσιάδ' ἁνίκ' ἄυπνος
τήρευν τὠμπέχονον τὸ βεβρεγμένον, αὐτίκα δ' αὐτῶ
ἀν δόμον ἐρχόμενόν μοι ἐείσατο φάσμα Φιλίνω
θυλάκος οὓς αὐτὸς φορεῖ ἐνδύν, τοὺς κνάκωνας.
 νῦν δ' ἄγε τὰν καλὰν παρ' ἐμεῦ, φίλα, ὄρνιν ἀποίσῃ,
ἤν τί μοι ἐκ ψυχᾶς κρίνῃς, ἀπὸ δ' ᾆ τάχος εἴπῃς
μηδένι γήμασθαι τῶ ἐφιμέρω ἀντὶ Φιλίνω.

W. M. C.

## XCII.

## THE ONLY SON.

O bitter wind toward the sunset blowing,
  What of the dales to-night?
In yonder grey old hall what fires are glowing,
  What ring of festal light?

"*In the great window as the day was dwindling*
  *I saw an old man stand*;
*His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,*
  *But the list shook in his hand.*"

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
  No sound of joy or wail?
"'*A great fight and a good death,*' *he muttered*;
  '*Trust him, he would not fail.*'"

What of the chamber dark where she was lying
  For whom all life is done?
"*Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying*
  '*My son, my little son.*'"

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## XCII.

### ΠΑΙΣ ΜΟΝΟΓΕΝΗΣ.

Εὗρε, παρ' ἐσχατιῶν τίνος ἀγγεληφόρος ἥκεις
    πικρὸν πρὸς ἑσπέραν πνέων;
ποῖα πύρ' ἀρχαίοις κείνοις ἐνὶ δώμασι λάμπει;
    ποῖαι δὲ χαιρόντων φλόγες;
"δύνετό τ' ἠέλιος μεγάλου τ' ἔντοσθε θυρέτρου
    εἶδον γέρονθ' ἑστηκότα·
ὑψαύχην μὲν ἔην ἔχε δ' ὄμματα λαμπετόωντα,
    ἐν χερσὶ δέλτος δ' ἔτρεμεν."
ὦ πνεῦμ' ἀκροκνέφαιον, ἔπος δ' ἄρα μηδὲν ἄκουσας,
    θρηνοῦντος οὔτ' εὐάγγελον;

"'κεῖται ἐμὸν τέκος,' εἶπε, 'καλῶς κάλλιστά τε ῥέξας·
    ἤδη δέ νιν φερέγγυον.'"
μήτηρ δ' αἰνοπαθής, ἡ φῶς ὀλέσασα βίοιο,
    ἔσω δόμων κεκρυμμένη;
"παιδίον ἀρτιθανὲς πάλλειν δοκέουσα κάθηται,
    'ὦ παῖ,' στένουσ', 'ὦ παιδίον.'"

A. W. M.

## XCIII.

## ROSE AYLMER.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
  Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Alymer, all were thine.
Rose Alymer, whom those wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

LANDOR.

## XCIII.

### ΑΩΡΙΟΣ ΕΙΛΕ ΣΕ ΤΥΜΒΟΣ.

*Λυδίων, φίλα, γένος ἐκ τυράννων*
*οὖδεν ἦν ἄρ᾿, οὖδε θέαισιν ἴσσα*
*μόρφα, οὖδε σοὶ ἐν ἀρέταις τόσαισιν*
*Ἄιδου ἀρώγα.*

*πάντα γὰρ λάχες τάδ᾿, ἔμοι δὲ κλαίην*
*μίμνει οὖδ᾿ ὔπαρ ποτόρην ἔτ᾿, ἄλλα σ᾿*
*ὀγκαλευμένῳ στονάχαις ὀνίασθ-*
*αι διὰ νύκτος.*

J. F.

## XCIV.

## HAPPY INSENSIBILITY.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

## XCIV.

### ΑΝΑΙΣΘΗΣΙΑ.

*Μακαρίζομεν σέ, δένδρον,*
*ὅτι χείματος μεσοῦντος*
*τοὺς σοὺς λέληθεν ὄζους*
*φροῦδον βεβηκὸς ἄνθος·*
*οὔ σοι μέλει τι Βορρᾶ*
*κρυερὸν κλονοῦντος αὐτούς,*
*πάγος οὐδ' ἔδησεν αἰεὶ*
*ἔαρος δ' ἀνθοῦσιν αὖθις.*
*μακαρίζομεν σέ, ῥεῦμα,*
*ὅτι χείματος μεσοῦντος*
*ἀμνημονεῖς τε Φοίβου,*
*ἀμνημονεῖς τ' ὀπώρας.*
*λήθην δ' ἔχον γλυκεῖαν*
*ὑαλῶν πέπαυσαι δινῶν,*
*οὐδ' οἶδας οὐδὲν ἄλγος*
*ὅτι κῦμα συμπέπηγεν.*

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any,
Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbèd sense to steal it—
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS.

*εἴθ' ὤφελον τοιαύτην*
*ἔχειν τύχην ἐρασταί·*
*τίνα δ' οὐκ ἔδηξε τοῦτο,*
*καλὸν εἰδότ', εἶτ' ἀφεῖναι;*
*τὸ συνειδέναι στερέντα,*
*ὅτε μή τις ἔστιν ἀλκή,*
*Λήθης τ' ἄπεισι πηγαί,*
*τοῦθ' οἷον ἄλγος ἐστίν,*
*τίς πώποτ' ᾖσ' ἀοιδός;*

A. W. M.

## XCV.

### THE NIGHTINGALE.

King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

SHAKESPEARE, *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

## XCV.

### ΠΑΝΔΥΡΤΟΣ ΑΗΔΩΝ.

Ἔφθιτο Πανδίων μὲν ἄναξ, πᾶσιν δὲ φίλοισιν
  ὕπνον ἔχει θάνατος νήγρετον ἀμφιβαλών·
ὄρνιθες δ᾽ ᾄδουσιν ὁμήλικες, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
  σοῦ τινα φροντίδ᾽ ἔχει πικρὸν ὀδυρομένης·
δείν᾽, ὄρνις, ἔπαθες, κἀγὼ παραπλήσια πάσχω,
  καὶ γὰρ ὅ μ᾽ οἰκτίζων οὐχὶ πέφηνε βροτῶν.

A. P.

## XCVI.

## ROMEO.

O my love, my wife,
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, V., 3.

# XCVI.

## ΡΩΜΕΩΝ.

Ὦ κοινολέκτρον φίλτατον νύμφης δέμας,
θάνατος ὃς ἐκπέπωκε σῆς πνοῆς μέλι
οὔπω κρατήσας τῆσδε καλλονῆς ἔχει.
ἥσσᾳ γὰρ οὔπω· χείλεσιν ῥέθει τε σῷ
φοινικόβαπτος καλλονῆς ἕστηκ᾽ ἔτι
σφραγίς, τὸ δ᾽ ὠχρὸν σῆμα τοῦ κάτω θεοῦ
ἄπεστι· κεῖσαι φοινίῳ, Κρέων, πέπλῳ;
τί δ᾽ ἂν πλέον σοι πρὸς χάριν πράξαιμεν ἂν
ἢ τῇδε λωβητῆρι σῆς ἥβης χερὶ
τό σοί ποτ᾽ ἐχθρὸν αὐτόχειρ σφάξαι δέμας;
σύγγνωθί μοι σύναιμε· φιλτάτη γύναι,
κάλλους σ᾽ ἔθ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἔχουσαν εἰσορῶν δοκῶ
ἀμενηνὸν ἔκ σου συντεθηγμένον πόθῳ
Ἅιδην, δυσειδὲς κνώδαλον, στυγνὸν τέρας
δνοφεροῖς παραγκάλισμά σ᾽ ἐν δόμοις τρέφειν;
σοὶ δὴ σύναυλος ταῦτα δειμαίνων μενῶ,
κοὐ ταῦτα νυκτὸς δώματ᾽ αἰανῆς ποτε
ἀμειψόμεσθα. τῇδε σοὶ παραστατῶν
εὐλαῖς σύνοικος προσπόλοις σέθεν, γύναι.
οἴκησιν ἀείφρουρον ἐξιδρυμένος,
καὶ δυσταλαίνης ἐξανασπάσω δέρης
πότμου ζυγὸν δύσδαιμον ᾧ συνεζύγην.

W. M. C.

## XCVII.

## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

## XCVII.

### ΑΙΑΙ ΤΑΙ ΜΑΛΑΧΑΙ.

Γλαυκὴ κυανέαισι ποτὶ σπιλάδεσσι θάλασσα
    ῥόχθει ἀκηδέστως ἦμαρ ἐς ἦμαρ ἀεί,
εἴθε δ' ἐγὼ δυνάμην εἰπεῖν ἅ μ' ὑπῆλθεν ὁρῶντα,
    ὅσσα φίλης μνήμης, ὅσσ' ἀνιαρὰ φρονεῖν.
ἠνίδε παῖς ἁλιέως βωστρεῖ μετ' ἀδελφὸς ἀδελφῆς
    παίζων παιζούσης, σὺν δὲ μάκαρ μάκαρι,
καὶ μάκαρ οὗτος ἀείδει ἐπισταμέναισι χέρεσσιν
    παῖς ναύτου μεθέπων εἰναλίαν ἄκατον.
ἠνίδε νῆες ὁμῶς ὑπ' ὄρος λιμέν' εἰσπερόωσιν,
    νῆες ποντοπόροι κύδε' ἀγαλλόμεναι,
εἴθε δ' ἐγὼ δυνάμην αὖθις χερὶ χεῖρα φίλοιο
    βαστάζειν, φωνὴν οἰχομένοιο κλύειν.
γλαυκὴ κυανέαισι ποτὶ σπιλάδεσσι θάλασσα
    ῥόχθει ἀκηδέστως ἦμαρ ἐς ἦμαρ ἀεί·
αἰαῖ, ἐμοὶ δέ, ἐμοί, κομίσαι πάλιν οὐδέποτ' ἔσται
    ἤματος οἰχομένην οἰχομένοιο χάριν.

A. W. M.

## XCVIII.

## AMORET.

Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untamèd Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, now lies at rest.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,
*The Faithful Shepherdess*, IV., 4.

## XCVIII.

### ΝΟΣΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΛΤΑΤΑ.

Ὦ Ζεῦ, σὲ γὰρ δίκαια προστρέπω με δρᾶν,
ἄκουσον, ἄστρα τ', εὐφρόνης ποικίλματα
τὰ καλλιφεγγῆ, καὶ νάπας προσεννέπω
χώρας τε τῆσδε πᾶν σιωπηλὸν πέδον·
καὶ μὴν βραδείας οἶμον ἑρπούσας βάδην
ὥρας τε χαῖσι προσφιλὲς στυγνὸν σκότος
σκιὰς προσαυδῶ, δαίμονάς τε νερτέρους,
ψυχορραγοῦσ'· ἥδ' εἴμ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡ κόρη
ἡ λῆμα θερμὸν οὔποτ' ἐρρυθμισμένη,
ἡ πάντ' ἄφρων, ἡ τῷδε τῷ νεανίᾳ
ψυχήν γ' ἐμὴν προεῖσα· νῦν δέ μ' ἀξιοῖ
ξένην λέγειν κοὐ τήν γε πρόσθεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
τί ταῦτα πενθεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν δοκεῖ;
τρώσαντι γάρ σοι καιρίαν τετρωμένη
πολλὴν ἂν ᾔδη τὴν χάριν, τῆς ἡσύχου
χώρας τυχοῦσα πᾶς ὁ δουλεύων ὅπου
ἐλευθεροῦται χἠ τεκοῦσα φροντίδα
ἐκ φροντίδος φρὴν εὖ τέλος κοιμίζεται.

A. P.

## XCIX.

## LAODAMIA.

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.

. . . . . . . . . .

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and Kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

## XCIX.

### ΛΑΟΔΑΜΕΙΑ.

Ἀλλ' ἴσθ' ὅτι Ζεὺς δῶρον οὐ δοῦναι φιλεῖ
πλὴν εἰ τέλειον· οὐδ' ἐγὼ σκιά περ ὢν
ἥκω φοβήσων οὐδέ σ' ἐκκλέψων λόγοις,
τῆς σῆς δὲ πίστεως πρῶτον ἐκτίνων χάριν,
ἔπειτα χρηστὸς χρηστὰ δὴ καρπούμενος·
τόλμαν δ' ἄτλητον κέρδος ἄσπετον μένει.
αὐτὴ γὰρ οἶδας ὡς τὸ Πυθικὸν θεοῦ
μαντεῖον ἐξέφηνεν ὡς χρείη θανεῖν
τὸν πρῶτον ἐμβαίνοντα τῆς Τροίας χθονός,
ὅμως δ' ἐτόλμησ'· ἦν γὰρ ἄξιον θανεῖν·
αὐτός γ' ἁπάντων πρῶτος ἐκπηδᾶν νεώς,
αὐθαίρετον πρόσφαγμ' ὑφ' Ἕκτορος δαμείς.

. . . . . . . .

καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἄλλους ἦν ἰδεῖν ὁμήλικας
ἀσκοῦνθ' ἕκαστον οἷ' ἐπασκῆσαι φίλον
ἄθλοισί τ' ἀρθροκμῆσι πάντ' ἐγκείμενον
ὡς λαμπρὰ δὴ δράσοντας· ἡ σκηνῆς ἔσω
βασιλῆς τ' ἀριστῆές τε συγκαθήμενοι
βουλὰς πυκνὰς ὕφαινον, εὖτ' ἐν Αὐλίδι
νῆες κατεσχόλαζον ἀπλοίας χάριν.

The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, belovèd Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains—flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die'?
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought."

WORDSWORTH.

τέλος δ' ἔπεμψεν οὐρίαν θεὸς πνοὴν
πάλαι ποθεινὴν καὶ τότ' ἐν πόντῳ σταλείς,
χρησμοὺς ἕκηλος βουκολούμενος θεοῦ,
τοιόνδε βούλευμ' αὐτόκλητος εἱλόμην,
εἰ μή τις ἄλλος ἀξιώτερος θέλοι,
πρῶτός γ' ἂν αὐτὸς χιλίων νεῶν ἐμὴν
πρώτην ὀκεῖλαι πρὸς κραταίλεων χθόνα,
θανὼν δὲ Τροίας πρῶτος αἱμάξαι πέδον.
δακρυρροῶ δὲ πολλάκις τὸ σόν, γύναι,
ὁποῖον ἔσται πένθος ἐννοούμενος,
μνήμην τε κοινῶν χαρμάτων ἀναστένω,
ἐμήν τε καὶ σὴν κοινόπουν ὁμιλίαν,
πηγάς τε τάσδε καὶ τόδ' ἀνθέων γάνος
ἀτελεῖς τε πύργους τάς τ' ἐν ἐλπίσιν πόλεις.
εἶτ' οὖν ἔδει βοῶντας ἀνέχεσθαί τινας,
"ἰδοὺ τρέμουσι, τῇ σαγῇ δεινοὶ μόνῃ·
οὐδ' εἷς τοσούτων καρτερεῖ τὸ κατθανεῖν;"
ἀπέπτυσ' οὖν τοὔνειδος· εἶτ' αὖθις πάλιν
τὰ δείν' ὑφέρπει μ'· εἶτα δ' αὖ φροντὶς καλὴ
ἔργῳ φανεῖσα τοὐμὸν ἐξελευθεροῖ.

A. W. M.

C.

## THE NILE.

Out of the unknown South,
Through the dark lands of drouth,
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber gliding:
Clear-mirrored in his dream
The deeds that haunt his stream
Flash out and fade like stars in midnight sliding.
Long since, before the life of man
Rose from among the lives that creep,
With Time's own tide began
That still mysterious sleep,
Only to cease when Time shall reach the eternal deep.

From out his vision vast
The early gods have passed,
They waned and perished with the faith that made them;
The long phantasmal line
Of Pharaohs crowned divine
Are dust among the dust that once obeyed them.

C.

## ΝΕΙΛΟΣ.

Ἐκ μεσημβρίας ἀίστου, διὰ πλακῶν κεκαυμένων
τῆλε δίνας ἀμφελίσσει τῆς πολυστρόφου ῥοῆς
Νεῖλος ἀρχαῖος καθεύδων, ἐν δ' ὅμως ὀνείρασιν
ἐξέλαμψεν οἷ' ἐκείνου ῥεῦμ' ἐπέβλεπέν ποτε,
εἶτα δ' ἔφθιθ' οἷον ἄστρων νυκτέρων ὁμήγυρις.
ἔκπαλαι πρὶν βίοτον ἀνδρῶν ἐκ χαμαιγενῶν βίων
ἐξαναστῆναι τὸ πρῶτον, κεῖνος ὕπνος ἤρξατο,
σὺν Χρόνῳ ῥέων ῥέοντι, θαῦμ' ἔτ' ἀνθρώποις μέγα,
οὐδὲ παύσεται πρὶν αὐτὸς εἰσαεὶ δύῃ Χρόνος.

πολλὰ μὲν κατεῖδε Νεῖλος, πολλὰ δ' αὖ παροίχεται·
τοὺς πάλαι θεοὺς παλαιοῖς ἀνδράσιν τετιμένους
πίστις ἐξέφυσε πρῶτον, ἔφθισεν δ' ἀπιστία,
τούς τε Φαρόας τυράννους, τοὺς θεοῖς ἰσουμένους,
χθὼν κέκευθ', εἴδωλ' ἀμαυρὰ τῶν τεθνηκότων ὅπως,
ἐν κόνει κόνιν, κρατοῦντας τοῖς κρατουμένοις ὁμοῦ.

Their land is one mute burial mound,
Save when across the drifted years
Some chant of hollow sound,
Some triumph blent with tears,
From Memnon's lips at dawn wakens the desert meres.

O Nile, and can it be
No memory dwells with thee
Of Grecian lore and the sweet Grecian singer?
The legions' iron tramp,
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,
Had these no fame that by thy shore might linger?
Nay, then must all be lost indeed,
Lost too the swift pursuing might
That cleft with passionate speed
Aboukir's tranquil night,
And shattered in mid-swoop the great world-eagle's flight.

Yet have there been on earth
Spirits of starry birth,
Whose splendour rushed to no eternal setting:
They over all endure,
Their course through all is sure,
The dark world's light is still of their begetting.
Though the long past forgotten lies,
Nile! in thy dream remember him,
Whose like no more shall rise
Above our twilight's rim,
Until the immortal dawn shall make all glories dim.

γῆν δ' ἔχει πᾶσαν σιωπή, τύμβον ὡς κωφὸν νεκρῶν,
πλὴν ὅταν διὰ κλύδωνα τῶν ὀλωλότων ἐτῶν
ἐξακουσθῇ κοῖλος ἦχος κλαυμάτων κεκραμένος,
ὡς ὁμοῦ παιᾶνι θρῆνος, Μέμνονος δ' ἑωθινὸν
φθέγμα λιμνῶν ἐξεγείρῃ τὰς ἐρημαίας πλάκας.

Νεῖλε, σοὶ δ' ἄρ' οὐκέτ' οὐδὲν ἐμμένει μνήμης ἔτι,
οὔτ' ἀοιδῶν οὓς ἔθρεψεν Ἑλλὰς οὔτε τῶν σοφῶν;
οὐδὲ Ῥωμαίων φαλάγγων οὐδὲ τῶν πλανωμένων
Γοτθικῶν, ὦ Νεῖλε, μνῆστις σαῖς παρ' ὄχθαισιν μένει;
ἐξίτηλα δ' εἰ ταῦτ' ἔστιν, οὐδὲν ἂν σώζοιτ' ἔτι,
ἀλλὰ φροῦδα πάντα, φρούδη δεινόπους κείνου βία,
ἀμφ' Ἀβούκιρ ὅστις ᾄξας νυκτὸς εὐκήλου διὰ
τοῦ παναγρέως μεσοῦντα ῥόμβον ἔσχεν Ἀετοῦ.

Ἀλλ' ἔθρεψεν ἥδε γαῖα καρτερωτέρους τινάς,
οἵπερ ἀντείλαντες ἄστρων ἀντολαῖσιν εἴκελοι
οὐχ ὁμοίως τὴν ἄφραστον εἰς δύσιν κατέδραμον.
οἱ δ' ὑπὲρ πάντων μένοντες ἀσφαλῆ πάντων διὰ
μίαν ὁδὸν τηροῦσιν αἰεὶ καὶ μόνων τούτων ἄπο
τοὺς βροτοὺς δέδορκε φέγγος ἐν σκότει καθημένους.
εἰ δ' ἅπας ὁ μακρὸς αἰὼν τοῦ παρελθόντος χρόνου
οἴχεται Λήθης κατ' οὖρον, ἐν δὲ σοῖς ὀνείρασιν,
Νεῖλε, κείνου γ' ἴσχε μνῆστιν, ᾧπερ οὐκ ἴσον φάος
τήνδ' ὑπὲρ γαῖαν κνεφαίαν οὔποτ' ἀντελεῖ πρὶν ἂν
ἀθανάτης Ἕω τὰ θνητὰ φῶς ἀποσβέσῃ φάη.

For this man was not great
By gold or kingly state,
Or the bright sword, or knowledge of earth's wonder;
But more than all his race
He saw life face to face,
And heard the still small voice above the thunder.
O river, while thy waters roll
By yonder vast deserted tomb,
There, where so clear a soul
So shone through gathering doom,
Thou and thy land shall keep the tale of lost Khartoum.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

οὗτος οὐ χρυσῷ μέγας τις, οὐ τυραννικῷ στόλῳ,
οὐ χθονὸς τὰ θαύματ' εἰδώς, οὐ ξίφει τεθηγμένῳ,
ὡς δ' ἐναργῶς μᾶλλον ἑτέρων μοῖραν ἀνθρώπων ἰδὼν
καὶ διὰ βροντῆς ἀκούσας φθέγμα τοῦ θεοῦ τορόν·
ὥσθ' ἕως ἄν, Νεῖλε ποταμέ, ῥεῦμ' ἑλίσσηται τὸ σὸν
παρὰ μέγαν σεμνόν τ' ἐκεῖνον τύμβον ἠρημωμένον,
οὗπερ ἐν σκότῳ τοσούτῳ τόσον ἀνέφλεγεν θράσος,
καὶ σὺ καὶ σὴ χθὼν ἐκείνου τὸ κλέος φυλάξετε.

A. W. M.

# EPIGRAMMATA.

## I.

### ΟΥ ΠΟΛΥ ΔΙΑΦΕΡΕΙ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΥ.

Πεντήκοντά ποτ᾽ ἄνδρες ἄνακτι φέρον πίθον οἴνου
  πεντήκοντ᾽ ἀγαθοί, πλὴν ἑνός· εἷς δὲ κακός,
ὃς τάδε βυσσοδομεύει, "ἐγὼ μόνος οὐδὲν ἐσοίσω·
  ἔστι γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖς μοῦνον ἐόντα λαθεῖν".
βῆ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἄναξ πίνειν, οἶνον δ᾽ οὐχ ἥδετο πίνων·
  οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲν ἐνῆν· πάντες ὁμοῖοι ἄγαν.

A. W. M.

## II.

### ΝΙΚΑΙ Δ' Ο ΠΡΩΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΣ ΔΡΑΜΩΝ.

*Μειλανίων ποτ' ἀγῶσιν ἐν ὠκυδρόμοις Ἀταλάντην*
*νικήσας φιλίην ἔλλαχεν ἡδύγαμον.*
*φῆ δ' ἄρα μειδιόων πρὸς παρθένον, "ἀργέτι κούρη,*
*ἥκομεν ἐξ ἔριδος κρείσσονες ἀμφότεροι·*
*καὶ γὰρ ἐγώ σ' ἐδάμασσα δρόμοις, σὸν δ' ἔξοχον ἡμᾶς*
*κάλλος ἐνίκησεν καὶ φθάμενον κρατέει".*

W. B. A.

## III.

### ΩΣ ΑΙΕΙ ΤΟΝ ΟΜΟΙΟΝ ΑΓΕΙ ΘΕΟΣ ΩΣ ΤΟΝ ΟΜΟΙΟΝ.

*Χαῖρε καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδεω θαλάμοισι, περικλυτὲ Κῦρε,*
*εὐρυβία Περσῶν τοξοφόρων βασιλεῦ·*
*ἐνθάδε τοι χρόνιος, δολιχὴν ὁδὸν οἴκοθεν ἥκων*
*Ἰονίου τε λιπὼν ἠιόνας πελάγους,*
*εὐσεβέως σὸν μνῆμ' ἀσπάζομαι, ἴσθι δέ μ' ὄντα*
*τοὔνομ' Ἀλέξανδρον, κεἰμὶ γένος Μακεδών.*

J. F.

## IV.

### ΑΙΤΙΑ ΕΛΟΜΕΝΟΥ· ΘΕΟΣ ΑΝΑΙΤΙΟΣ.

Ναυτίλε, ναυηγοῦ κενεὸν τάφον ἐνθάδε λεύσσεις·
  ὀστέα δ' ἐν πόντῳ κῦμα κατακλονέει.
μεμφέσθω μὴ δαίμον' ἀναίτιον· αἴτιος αὐτὸς
  ὅστις ἐπ' ἐμπορίην εἵλετο ποντοπορεῖν.

A. W. M.

## V.

### A NAMELESS EPITAPH.

Ask not my name, O friend!
That Being only, which hath known each man
From the beginning, can
Remember each unto the end.

M. Arnold.

## VI.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on.
Judge not the Play before the Play is done:
Her Plot has many changes: every day
Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the Play.

Francis Quarles.

## V.

### ΟΥ ΜΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΤΙΣ ΠΑΜΠΑΝ ΑΝΩΝΥΜΟΣ ΕΣΤ' ΑΝΘΡΩΠΩΝ.

*Μὴ σύ γε τοὔνομ' ἐροῦ, φίλ', ὁ γὰρ γνοὺς πρῶτον ἕκαστον*
*κἀς τέλος ἂν μοῦνος μνῆστιν ἑκάστου ἔχοι.*

J. F.

## VI.

*Ψυχὴ ἐμή, τλήμων σὺ καθημένη ὥστε θεωρὸς*
*μή τι τὸ δρᾶμα θέλε, πρὶν τέλος ᾖ, δικάσαι·*
*μύρια γὰρ τἀν μέσσῳ· ἐπεισόδιον μὲν ἕκαστον*
*ἦμαρ ἄγει, θριγκὸς δ' ἔξοδός ἐστι, φίλη.*

J. F.

## VII.

Stop, thief! Dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again?

BURNS.

## VII.

"Κηρύσσω Θάνατον", φυσίζοος ἤπυε Γαῖα
 Ἅιδην, εὖτε πνοὴν Μυρτίλος ὕστατ' ἔπνει.
"ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ βέλτιστον ἀφῄρηκας παράδειγμα,
 πῶς ἄρ' ἐγὼν αὖθις μωρὸν ἀπεργάσομαι;"

J. A. S.

## VIII.

Upon thy mother's knees, a new born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled.
So live that when thou tak'st thy last long sleep
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

*From the Persian.*

## VIII.

Ἀρτίτοκος σὺ φίλης ἁπαλοῖς ἐπὶ γούνασι μητρὸς
ἕζεο δακρυόεις, πάντα δέ σ' ἀμφ' ἐγέλα·
πρᾶσσε δ' ὅπως ποτέ, παῖ, τὸν νήγρετον ὕπνον ἰαύῃς
μειδιόων, κλαίῃ πάντα παριστάμενα.

A. W. M.

Ἀρτίτοκον βρέφος ὢν ἐπὶ γούνασι μητρὸς ἔκεισο
δακρυχέων ὅτε πᾶς ἀμφὶ σὲ μειδιάᾳ,
ὧδε σε χρὴ ζῆν ὥστε λαβόντα πανύστατον ὕπνον
μειδιάαν ὅτε πᾶς ἀμφὶ σὲ δακρυχέει.

J. H.

Παῖς νεογιλὸς ἐὼν ἐπὶ γούνασι μητρὸς ἔκεισο
ἡδομένων πάντων μοῦνος ὀδυρόμενος.
ὧδε βίον διάγοις ὡς νήγρετον ὕπνον ἐπισπεῖν
ἡδόμενος πάντων μοῦνος ὀδυρομένων.

A. P.

## IX.

Though the Muse be gone away,
Though she move not earth to-day,
Souls, erewhile who caught her word,
Ah ! still harp on what they heard.

M. ARNOLD.

## IX.

Ἡ Μοῦσα μὲν βέβηκεν, οὐκέθ' ὕστερον
βροτοῖς ὁμιλήσουσα κηλήσουσά τε,
ὅσοι δ' ἐκείνης φθέγματ' ἤκουσάν ποτε,
χαίρουσι καὶ νῦν ταῦτα βουκολούμενοι.

A. W. M.

X.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY.

## X.

φθέγγεται ἡδὺ μέλος καὶ ὅμως λήγοντος ἀοιδοῦ
  ζῇ τ' εὔοδμον ἴου πνεῦμα μαραινομένου·
ἔστρωταί τε ῥόδων φύλλοις λέχος· ἐν δὲ μερίμναις
  σοῦ καὶ ἀποφθιμένου κείσεται αὐτὸς Ἔρως.

J. A. K. T.

# NUGAE.

I.

## MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day—
Which was against the rule—
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
The teacher therefore turned it out;
But still it lingered near,
And on the grass it played about
Till Mary did appear.
"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

I.

## ΔΑΦΝΗΣ ΑΜΝΙΟΝ.

Ἄμνος ποτ' ἔσκε Δάφνῃ
λευκότριχος χιὼν ὥς,
Δάφνη δ' ὅποι βαδίζοι
ἅμνος συνείπετ' αὐτῇ.
συνέσπετ' οὐ θεμιστῶς
ὅδ' εἰς διδασκαλεῖον·
γελῶσι δ' οἱ μαθηταὶ
φοιτῶνθ' ὁρῶντες ἄμνον.
ὁ δ' οὖν νιν ἐξέκλῃσε
διδάσκαλος· πέλας δὲ
ἀνὰ τὴν πόην ἔπαιζεν,
ἕως προῆλθε Δάφνη.
ἔρεται δὲ τῶν τέκνων τις,
τί τἀμνίῳ ποθεῖται
Δάφνη τοσόνδ'; ὁ δ' εἶπε
διδάσκαλος, "τί θαῦμα;
ἐρῶσα γ' ἀντερᾶται."

W. M. C.

II.

Some hae meat, an' canna eat,
An' some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, an' we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

BURNS.

III.

"They say the camel can go thirty days without a drink; but who the devil wants to be a camel?"

## II.

Ἔνιοι μὲν οἷσι σῖτος
ἱκανὸς πάρεστι, σίτου δ'
ἀπόλωλε πᾶσ' ὄρεξις·
ἔνιοι δ' ἔχουσι ταύτην,
ἀπόρως δ' ἔχουσ' ἐκείνου·
ἀτὰρ ἡμὶν ἔστον ἄμφω,
χάριν οὖν θεοῖς διδῶμεν.

A. P.

## III.

Ἤματα πόλλ' ἀπότους ἀνέχεσθαί φασι καμήλους,
τὸν δὲ καμηλώδη τίς κ' ἀνέχοιτο βίον;

G. A. M.

IV.

Tak' awa' Aberdeen an' twal' mile roon, an' whaur are ye?

## IV.

Ἔξελ᾽ Ἀβερδονίην πεδίου τ᾽ ἔνθεν τε καὶ ἔνθεν
ὡς ἑκατὸν σταδίους· αὐτίκ᾽ ἔτ᾽ οὐδὲν ἔχεις.

Λαμπὰς μὲν ἀστέων ἔστ᾽ Ἀβρηδονίη μόνη,
τὰ δ᾽ ἄλλα φαύλης σπινθαρὶς θρυαλλίδος.

Ἔξελ᾽ Ἀβρηδονίην καὶ τὴν περιναιετάωσαν·
Ἥλιος οὐρανίας ἐξαπόλωλε πλακός.

Ὥς τις ἐπώνυμον Ἁρμονίην σ᾽ ὀνόμηνε πρεπόντως·
νόσφι γὰρ ἁρμονίης οὔποτ᾽ ἂν ἔπλε τὸ πᾶν.

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## EPIGRAMMATA.

## NUGAE.

# Apud Universitatem Aberdonensem

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